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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

New Plays on Old Plots

IT has been many months since there has been a new American play worth writing about—none perhaps since Mr. Kaufman's excellent satire on Hollywood, which should (we think) have had a Pulitzer prize, and did exhibit that good-humored sarcasm with an undercurrent of biting irony characteristic of some of the heartiest American literature from Mark Twain on. Paul Green's, "The House of Connelly," is a very different kind of drama, by no means so clever, and so suave in its technique, but with more stuff if less satire. Here is a play that makes use of all the old formulas with a kind of disdainful sincerity that knows what it wants too clearly to discard any useful form of expression because it seems trite. When an old family, like the House of Connelly, begins to disintegrate, it crumbles into characteristic forms. There is sure to be a proud and stiffened parent, and an unreconstructed elderly relative always remembering better days. There is sure to be a younger generation sick with conflicts between respectability and revolt, and usually men with broken morale, and women who have dried up in the odor of family sanctity. These things happen as inevitably as chemical reactions, and the honest playwright cannot discard them because they are conventional. Break up nitric acid and you get a brown gas with a noxious smell! The dramatist cannot avoid the expected situation. If he writes, like Green, of the old South in conflict with the new, he must not be afraid of tight-lipped aristocrats in faded silk and punctilious colonels who kiss hands and quote Horace. Not the expected situation, but the expected stock reaction to that situation is what he must shun like death. He must not let his play be played in the naïve and sentimental reactions of the mass mind of his audience.

Every natural expectation is met in "The House of Connelly." A Colonial manor house—a decayed plantation—a handsome, irresolute son—negro mammies singing—poor whites pushing upward—lovely, aristocratic sisters withering on the sapless family branch—a mother with a beaked nose and a cane—gracious, rhetorical Uncle Bob, saluting

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Perish the Sword

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. By ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. To be published October 22, 1931, by William Morrow & Co., New York. $4.

THIS is a big book but not a great one. It is another of the rapidly increasing number of volumes which deal truthfully and fearlessly with war as an institution and with the World War in particular. It is a storehouse of facts; the wide learning of its author is well in evidence in addition to his wholesome sanity, his clear realization that humanity is at the crossroads and must now choose between doing away with war or being done away with by the monster which it has created. But the book would have been made much more effective by condensation and by the omission of much of the historical matter. It suffers, too, from constant repetitions and a lack of orderliness in the presentation of its material. Nonetheless, it is a worthwhile contribution to a subject which ought to be driven in upon every living being, and it appears just at the right moment, for the world, in so far as it is not now absorbed in the question of keeping capitalist civilization afloat, will have to focus its attention this coming winter upon the Disarmament Conference in Geneva in February next. Indeed, they are but different aspects of the same subject. The old order is in danger of perishing before our eyes. Preparations for war are playing a tremendous part in jeopardizing its existence, even now in peace time. And, as Field Marshal Allenby, General Ludendorff, and many others have said, if war comes again on a great scale civilization will crash.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford—whose volume is dedicated to a lieutenant of his own name killed at sea, March 15, 1918; who knows therefore the greatest sacrifice a parent can be called upon to make—has built his argument about the simple fact that "the destructive powers of mankind are, in fact, being increased at a greater rate than its powers of construction." He denounces the favorite militarist argument that since war has always been, it always must be. Against the military itself he unhesitatingly unlimbers his heaviest batteries and gives them grape. If he does not go quite as far as Edwin Lawrence Godkin, who once wrote that the military profession should rank next after the hangman's, he declares that the whole history of soldiering proves the military calling to have been "the most stupid of all professions." As for the soldier politician, "if his training has been sufficiently thorough, he has one argument and one panacea, that of force. His law is his will, and liberty is naturally anathema to him. Like Mr. Kipling's Ortheris he scorns the notion of 'rights'." The rule of a soldier "may sometimes be justified as a desperate and temporary expedient, but a civilized community can as little thrive on it as an individual can live on doses of castor oil or injections of heroin." As for the "organizers of butchery on a sufficiently colossal scale," "their failures are disregarded; their genius is assumed and invoked as the explanation of every success." Patriotism of the baser sort supplies, our author writes, "an additional motive for the manufacture of conquering heroes, an industry highly profitable to the monumental sculptor and the journalist but of questionable value to the human race."

Nor does Wingfield-Stratford hesitate to name names. There is the case of Field Marshal Sir William Robertson who, for long months after every hope of success had vanished, continued to drive the British troops "pitilessly forward through a sea of mud in which many of them were literally drowned." He wrote to the Commander-in-Chief at the front:

> "I confess I stick to it because I see nothing better, and because my instinct prompts me to stick to it, more than because of any good argument by which I can support it."

Upon this, Winston Churchill has commented that "these are terrible words when used to sustain the sacrifice of nearly four hundred thousand men." As to the resistance of all military men to new ideas, and their bitter anger at the use of new devices as not "playing the game," Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has much to say, yet not enough. He could, for example, have pointed out how the trench warfare of the World War was a direct inheritance from the trenches of Grant and Lee in the closing days of our Civil War—a war to which no continental military man and only a few English soldiers would pay any attention, with the result that one British General after another in the Boer War and in Flanders imitated the colossal error of Lee in hurling Pickett in a frontal attack upon the Union lines at Gettysburg. Masterly is, however, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's analysis of the stupidity of the German offensive of 1918 and of their generals who "had not even the military insight to realize what their victory amounted to." They had then to defend three great salients driven in to the Allied lines instead of quietly staying in their trenches, resting and saving their men, and awaiting the Allied attacks they could have repelled again and again.

In other words, the picture of the incredible folly of the whole World War, into which America was so eager to force its way in 1917 with the results which everybody in America is feeling today, is complete. Surely by now no honest historian of the future can describe this conflict as anything but the completest indictment of the intellect of all the leaders who brought it on, carried it on, and

(*Continued on next page*)

For a Waverly Garden

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SEND down, Great Gardener,
To this dear plot,
Your cherubim, your seraphim:
Delay it not.

From sleet, from rotting drought,
Defend;
The arrowed rain, the sun
In plenty send.

At cool of evening then,
Toil done, and glare, and din,
Come down, Great Gardener,
And walk therein.

Man and Dramatist

WILLIAM ARCHER: Life, Work, and Friendships. By Lieutenant-Colonel C. ARCHER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

WILLIAM ARCHER was a man who did things quietly, or — more precisely — who quietly *did things*, and his life has been written in the same spirit of modest efficiency in which it was lived. Lieutenant-Colonel Archer writes a short book, filters the correspondence, lowers the key, subdues the style, refrains from emphasis, almost from comment; yet every touch is discreet, and the result in its integrity is luminous. Moreover, all these forbearances simply confirm the reader's final impression that the whole man would have profited by inspection. As workman, friend, husband, father, citizen, liberal, philanthropist, there is nothing in him which his friend would be afraid to submit to his enemy. He meets all tests so readily that their stringency is half concealed from us by the facility of his escape. "I returned to an Archerless London," wrote Mr. Shaw after his death,—six simple words which epitomize a character.

Born in 1856, dying in 1924, Scotch by origin, Londoner by domicile, married to Frances Trickett in 1887, father of a marvellous boy who evoked wonder from Stevenson, dramatic critic, translator of Ibsen, voyaging journalist, autumnally and excursively a playright, William Archer lived a quiet, fortunate life, bare of events, but pungent in detail. The family had outposts in Norway and Australia, propitious to world-travel and the cult of Ibsen, and in Archer's patriotism, as in Mr. Shaw's "Apple-Cart," America was reannexed to the British Empire.

Archer had a passion for results, and results had a liking for Archer. Other men's ships ploughed the seas gallantly enough; his came into port. In a word, he was a doer. To fix, fix conclusively, the guilt for a judicial murder in a foreign country is no easy task; Archer accomplished this for the Spaniard Francisco Ferrer. In "Masks or Faces?" he gave, not a mere stab, but a practical death-blow, to so long-lived and pestering a fallacy as Diderot's paradox of the comedian. Archer said England should meet the hated Ibsen, very much as Boswell said that Dr. Johnson should meet the hated Wilkes;

This Week

"EMERSON TODAY."
Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER, 3RD.

"THESE THIRTEEN."
Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING.

"TWO PEOPLE."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"THE LOVE OF MARIO FERRARO."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

"MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK."
Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS.

"I WENT TO RUSSIA."
Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS.

This Week, or Later

VIRGINIA WOOLF.
By ROBERT HERRICK.

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and, stormy prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the two Scotchmen had their forward way. Archer wished to see the reunion of the stage and literature in England, and that reunion came to pass in Archer's lifetime. The task was of course mainly one for dramatists; but the testimonies of these dramatists are worth taking. J. M. Barrie writes in 1913: "You have done more for the English stage than any man living." In the "Old Drama and the New" he seems conclusively to have taken all reason out of the traditional worship on purely *dramatic* grounds of the group of men definable as Shakespeare's retinue or *comitatus*. I have spoken of his passion for results; Archer was practical, practical on an esthetic basis. He could not make a life for himself out of mere likings or dislikings in the theatre or anywhere else. It was not enough to like and dislike keenly; he had to work for conditions which would intensify and multiply his likings.

Archer was not a genius. He was a man of great abilities between whom and genius the gulf was predetermined and impassable. He stopped short of the extraordinary with a sureness and consistency that had almost the effect of deftness. He was no poet,, though he wrote clever verse; his creditable blank verse is uninspired. Opinion is divided on the merits of his translations. For me they are valuable and successful, but they are quite unvisited by that glow which rivals originality in Professor Herford's incomparable rendering of "Brand." The "Green Goddess" achieved that practical success which is possibly the most gratifying of all successes to the theorist; it supplied no evidence of creative imagination. Archer's winning prose, in which the journalist and the man of letters seem at the same time to restrain and to indulge each other, is unwarmed by the coal from the altar. If the reader wants to know what becomes of the Archerian type, the critical, appreciative, liberal, humanitarian type, when genius is superadded, he might aptly be referred to Matthew Arnold.

Archer, then, lacked genius. But the noticeable and significant thing about him is not the lack of genius but the fact that without genius he did so much. He is the measure of what can be done by a strong, free intelligence dedicated to ends which the same intelligence has selected. By free intelligence I mean one in which activity is unfettered by self-interest, or prejudice, or habit, or passion, or convention—in a word, an intelligence that has fair play. The lesson of Archer's career is twofold: first, that the strong, free intelligence is a good deal rarer than we commonly suppose; second, that, where it exists, it is much more effectual than we commonly suppose. I shall take two sentences, quiet, pointed generalities, which illustrate what I am moved to describe as the geniality of his astuteness.

"It is not so much our own stupidity and self-seeking that retards the march of things, as the invincible cynicism with which we believe in the stupidity and self-seeking of everyone else—and are intimidated and paralyzed by that belief."

"I know quite well that the universe is an illusion; but it is an illusion sufficiently constant for all practical purposes, and the first point of sanity and morality is to behave as if it were real."

That is not inspiration; but what is inspiration anywhere, on this planet, now giving us that is worth so much as the second of those two dicta?

In Archer's leading qualities, intelligence, character, sanity, humanity, there is a superficial and misleading likeness to the group of traits which, in private scorn or public condescension, we define by such grudging names as mediocrity, ordinariness, adequacy, and competence. Even his friends were sometimes hoodwinked by this resemblance and had to rediscover him from time to time. "You really are a damn good writer," says Gilbert Murray, waking up to the novel fact after nineteen years of cordial intercourse. "I begin to have hopes that you will do me credit yet," growls Mr. Shaw affectionately in 1900.

One would be slow to predict an enduring fame for Archer. Genius itself pays dearly for that boon, and Archer, as we see, fell short of genius. It would be rash to say that that busy and self-centred person known as posterity would find a place in its notoriously bad memory for him. But we feel, as we close this flawless record of a humane and helpful life, that we could forego genius and dispense with immortality, if we could be William Archers.

O. W. Firkins, professor of comparative literature at the University of Minnesota, from 1915-18 was reviewer of poetry for the Nation *and from 1919-21 dramatic critic of the* Weekly Review. *He is the author of several books.*

Perish the Sword

(*Continued from preceding page*)

fought it through to its senseless and disastrous finish. But what then? What has Mr. Wingfield-Stratford to offer us as a way out? How can we free ourselves in time from all the catchwords of the military, the shibboleths of a false patriotism, the doctrine of hate, which deprive us of all reason, as Miss Playdell has so faithfully shown in her study of England in wartime? The question is vital for here is where most peace offensives break down. Millions read other books, other honest and inspiring criticisms of that which is the "sum of all villanies," and still we are without the "moral equivalent of war"; still we are enmeshed in the system—America, according to President Hoover, has increased her military forces, reserve and active, from 164,000 in 1914 to 728,000 in 1929, eleven years after winning the war to end war.

Well, the truth must be told: Mr. Wingfield-Stratford limps badly when it comes to the remedies, like most of the rest of us who are trying to make this foolish world see that it is heading for suicide, for we are without the single dramatic remedy to challenge the imagination and rouse the desires of the masses. What does he suggest to meet what he calls "the supreme crisis in the history of our species"? First that the task is spiritual. Next, that there should be abolition of the war mind as no longer adapted to "a modern environment." He is not afraid to use the difficult word love. He urges "world enlightenment." Then he would have the world organize against war and he heartily favors the League of Nations. To his mind, the time is ripe for the birth of a new world order. Finally, he falls back upon the old appeal for a spiritual revolution reminding us that "The Kingdom of God is within you."

All of which gets us exactly nowhere. For it is an emergency which is upon us. We cannot wait for the slow processes of education, for the heart of man to change. We are in the middle of the most dangerous depression the world has ever known and two of the vital factors in the problem are the fear of war on the continent of Europe and the financial effects of the unproductive armament expenditures, thanks to which there are a million more men under arms in Europe today than there were on July 15, 1914. It is not a time to talk merely of the love that Jesus exemplified or of the need of a spiritual revolution. What is called for is prompt, vigorous, business-like action. The very existence of the governments of the Central Powers is at stake and, as the English loss of the gold standard has shown, if they get into deeper waters, the effect upon all the neighboring countries will be grave. My own belief that disarmament and the removal of the dread of war which fills Europe are directly involved in every aspect of the world crisis, I have found fully confirmed by high officials on both sides of the Atlantic. Remedies must be applied if the present governments of Europe are to survive.

In that very fact lies the hope of immediate action, if only the statesmen will take their courage in both hands. This very economic emergency has given a great impulse to the movement for disarmament. Here we have the Pope denouncing "the unbridled race of armament" in his latest encyclical. The Undersecretary of State in Washington, William R. Castle, Jr., has just told the Boston Advertising Club in language most remarkable for a high office-holder that "every Nation needs an army for internal police purposes but beyond this every soldier is a *potential offensive force.*" Next he said that:

"We fought, or said we fought, a war to end war. We have made anti-war treaties that cover the globe, but as long as we pour money into competitive armaments we admit that war is always imminent. We make a travesty of our high sounding treaties."

Equally striking is the demand of the United States Chamber of Commerce that "every possible step be taken for international disarmament." This has been not only the stronghold of business conservatism; it has been the source of much preparedness propaganda. Now it sees that preparedness for war leads but to ruin. This is the great and hopeful fact about the situation of the hour. The economic consequences of the war and the peace of Versailles are forcing disarmament. What the writers against war have not been able to achieve, the decay of capitalism is promising to accomplish. It will be almost worth the terrible suffering of all the unemployed and the starving if disarmament can be purchased by it.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford should have been able to point to still other practical measures which would go far toward freeing us from the war menace. He does not stress disarmament; he does not mention the abolition of tariffs, against which the bankers of the world are now rising, as another road to peace. Nor does he devote much space to the League of Nations and the World Court. I can find no reference to the initiative and the referendum, yet a voluntary referendum conducted in Holland by eighty-three daily newspapers resulted in 2,438,000 out of the 4,000,000 Dutch people voting to ask the Geneva Disarmament Conference to bring about complete disarmament. While he recognizes the criminality of all the governments that put their people into the World War, he does not see in them the immediate enemy, nor make suggestions as to their control. Representative government breaks down here. Actually the heads, for example, of Great Britain and the United States have as much the power to declare war all by themselves as had the Czar or has a Mussolini. That section of the American Constitution which ordains that Congress alone shall have the power to declare war is as dead as the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments and it is violated just as freely as the one establishing prohibition.

Woodrow Wilson several times put us into war—Mexico and Haiti, for example, besides the World War. Any President can, by his conduct of foreign affairs, manœuver us to the brink of war and then denounce as "wilful little men," or bad Americans, all who oppose him and can call upon the country to rise in its patriotism to stand by the flag and the President. Many people think I am mad when I say that Woodrow Wilson could have put us into the World War on the side of Germany. Yet it is absolutely demonstrable; had he sent the belligerent note to Great Britain in May, 1915, which Robert Lansing wrote; had he told the country about the American ships the British captured off New York harbor while, with empty holds, they were voyaging to Norfolk, Virginia, and how the British took them into Halifax with the British flag over the American, every Son or Daughter of the Revolution would have risen and yelled with him. His eloquence would have swept the country and Congress would no more have dared to have fought him than it did in April, 1917, after he had held up the "wilful" Senators, who had opposed him, to the scorn and contumely of the press and the excited populace.

My point is that no executive and no group of men should have this power, for, as Mr. Wingfield-Stratford points out, the destructive powers they can unleash far outweigh the constructive; because, as the World War and our economic crisis show, the victors are as badly smashed as the vanquished, and we have today the extraordinary spectacle of the United States and the Allies making tremendous efforts to keep alive and afloat the very country they were trying their uttermost to destroy only thirteen years ago.

I know well the argument against the referendum that war comes too quickly to make it possible. But the World War did not come quickly in Italy, or Greece, or Turkey, or Bulgaria, or the United States. Spain has had frightful losses in her recent African wars; is there any conceivable reason why her people and not their piffling King, Alfonso, and his politicians should have decided whether to go on with those horrible and needless battles? *Mirabile dictu,* just as I had written these lines comes the stirring news that the new Spanish constitution renounces war "as an instrument of national policy"; but if after all efforts for arbitration and conciliation war should threaten then the nation at large must vote for or against if war can be declared. If there are times, as when Japan attacked Russia in 1905, when no referendum is possible, then let us devise a new check; not a house of Elder Statesmen, but one of elder workers and of young conscripts-to-be, to discuss publicly and vote secretly (as our Congress should) on the war issue. Checks can be devised. They will have to be, or in place of our present governments we shall have the tyranny of Soviets.

There are still other practical measures one could offer to Mr. Wingfield-Stratford for his next book, but space does not permit. I would merely cite again the pressing opportunity of disarmament. We went to war for the holy rights of small nations. What rights have they when their great neighbors are armed? What defence have Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden against France? And could anything be more just and better for those small nations than the equality of complete disarmament? We have heard much talk about the parity of the British and American fleets. If they were both abolished would there not be perfect parity for us and the Mother Country? Of course. But our military minds won't let you see this lest you abolish them and their profession. That, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, is a direct practical step immediately to be worked for. It would do vastly more to bring on peace than many, many years of teaching the doctrine of love and of Ghandi's non-resistance, great and vital as they both are, and absolutely essential to a civilized and a Christian world.

Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of the Abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, editorial writer and President of the New York Evening Post *from* 1897 *to* 1918, *and since that time owner and editor of the* Nation, *is one of the most prominent liberals of the country. He has written extensively on the causes and results of war.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

EMERSON TODAY. By Bliss Perry. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Townsend Scudder, 3rd
Swarthmore College

NO man of the present day is better qualified to write concerning Emerson than Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard. And no man, on this subject, could be read with greater pleasure. In the spring of 1931, Professor Perry lectured on Emerson at Princeton on the Vanuxem Foundation. The material of these lectures forms the basis of this volume. Witty, lucid, full of intimate anecdote, the book gives unconsciously a panorama of its author's extraordinarily wide knowledge and reading. In it the grand names associated with the close of the nineteenth century come to life, for many were not names but living men in Mr. Perry's experience.

Professor Perry's broad, catholic approach is one of the best things in the volume. Without denying the value of their contribution, he pokes gentle fun at scholarly source-hunters, warning them, and the world, that the main outline of Emerson's towering personality must not be lost to view in the meticulous examination of special aspects of him. Professor Perry offers the reader a wise simplification of scholarly findings. He attempts to assemble such true gold as has emerged from the delving.

Early in the book there is a clear biographical sketch, revealing an Emerson who was very much of a human being—a man who suffered intensely at times on his path to serenity. Skilfully Emerson's physical and spiritual course is plotted among the grassy ways of Concord and the stars of heaven. Mr. Perry does all in his power to free Emerson from the tags that have been tied to him. Transcendentalism, a bugaboo terrifying or dull to many modern readers, is shown to play a comparatively small part in the mass of Emerson's published writings. Professor Perry indicates the active role Emerson played in the world—in the field of politics, for example, with which he felt such a lively concern. With admirable technique he answers some recent critics of Emerson, hoisting them ever so gently with their own petard. He refutes and confounds with such grace, and in so gentlemanly a fashion, that the reader cannot help delighting in the process.

In his few adverse criticisms of Emerson, Professor Perry does not hesitate to speak out plainly. But he is one who has read Emerson "with ever increasing detlight since boyhood," and it is plainly his hope that many others will share in that joy. May it be so. Certainly it is a good wish. Surely a growing company travels with Professor Perry in his belief that Emerson is a great and gifted literary artist, to whom one may turn today both for beauty and for truth.

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Gusto vs Art

AMERICAN BEAUTY. By EDNA FERBER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Poles came in. They tore up the brush-grown fields of old Connecticut and forced new yield from them. They settled in those loveliest of American landscapes and, utterly oblivious of their dim beauty, saw them only as land, unused land, cheap land. They brought a peasantry on a soil that had never known a peasantry before, clucked heartily to hearty women and beat them when they needed it, gawked at the faded New Englanders who first hired and then sold to them, grasped drunkenly at the new vulgarisms of the towns, and in the second generation ran hungrily to the mills and the movies, the peasant starch in them turning sour at the first touch of industrialism. They had energy instead of a code; they were hot for undiscriminated experience, and rushed on change.

Their New England hosts, who lived in the clapboarded, green-shuttered houses, with moulding about the eave's line, remembering what they had been, looked at the present with sardonic resignation. Poverty, disorder, and drink were powerless to touch their inmost being, which was still that of a chosen people. The ill kept highway of their lives followed a row of ruined elms down through wrecked pastures until it ended in a swamp, yet never lost its essential dignity.

The Poles were not like that, nor did they resemble the Colonial ancestors of these warped New Englanders, who, though land hungry, full-blooded, and energetic also, brought with them an idea of an ample, decorous, and ordered dwelling-place, the outward and visible sign of an inward and, if not spiritual, certainly intellectual, grace:—Litchfield, Southbury, Ridgefield, the white, elm-shaded farmsteads, the great brick houses of Connecticut.

The Pole wanted to be American but he could not understand American beauty. It was unreal to him and his gusto was for reality; and indeed American beauty had become unreal. It was a shadow of a shade of the past in the great houses, like the house of the Orrange Oakes in Edna Ferber's novel, it was shrunk into ugliness in the old maid, Jude, and bloated into eccentricity in Big Bella. These women kept the strength the men of the family had lost, but it was sterile strength. Their mates, if they had any, were mated to their vices and decays, their souls were strong, but so caged by circumstances that they could not get back into what should have been their world. Men and women of their sort had gone up in the world, or down and out.

The Pole was the reality New England seemed to need. He looked it, he felt it, the old soil renewed for him, and his children raced over the acres. But though he saved the farms and propped up the decaying houses, he could not restore them to dignity and independence. And when he married with the old stock his children inherited both the tenacity of the peasant and the pessimism of the run-out race. They were, perhaps, the makings of a new people, but you could not tell. Reality, which had been so vivid in their Polish fathers, so vigorous in their English great-great grandmothers, lay only on the surface of these half breeds. What was beneath the novelist does not tell us. Her power ceased when she stopped writing of the thwarted eccentrics and the full-blooded, tangible Poles.

It is the very interesting novel of Edna Ferber called "American Beauty" I am describing, and I am trying by indirection to get at a true criticism of a writer whose vigor and sense of tangible reality are unequalled, and yet who here and elsewhere seems curiously to fail to attain her objective, no matter how brilliantly she mops up the trenches as she goes. In a sense, she is like her own Poles, full-blooded, virile, with an imagination that wrests the essential circumstances from a scene, and builds scenes which, in her novels and afterwards in the movies, captivate the American mind. And yet she has too much gusto to pause to capture the spiritual realities of her American scene. Her New England past (of which much is made in this novel of generations) has a conventional heartiness like the stories told to a child. She sees it as the Poles saw the great brick houses, as the medievals looked at the Roman ruins. Something is lost, something that was New England. No one can question the reality of her genre pictures, no woman has written more vivid and vigorous scenes than Big Bella's in this book. They shine with vigor (like her Poles), they sweat reality, but those more elusive realities with which a great novelist must equally struggle are dim or undiscovered. You get the American beauty rose, but not the aster, the gentian, not even the goldenrod.

This is a definition of what Miss Ferber has done, not an assertion that her art is necessarily limited by her gusto for the high visibility of certain kinds of living. But circumstances have not favored her art. She has been too popular. Audiences wait for her, knowing what to expect. She cannot disappoint. For them, the last Oakes descendant marries the millionaire's daughter and saves the old home—and that is the outline plot of "American Beauty" into which Miss Ferber has stuffed such vivid scenes and such compelling contacts of alien and native. For them, the ancestors are made rich and nobly mannered, for them romantic aristocracy broods over degenerate moderns. For them she is a showman for her novel, playing up romance and sentiment, writing by climaxes, twisting and inverting the order of her narrative so that her goods may be displayed to the careless millions who have to be tricked into reading. Her art is naturally primitive and objective, slap-dashed in broad strokes, with little thought of a third dimension in her composing. But her craftsmanship has become too sophisticated and tricky. She dangles stock characters and stock situations before the door of the museum in which she has collected so much that is novel and vivid and well-observed in American life.

Powerful, popular writers like Edna Ferber must make the choice between the easiest and the hardest way in writing. External reality, when once you learn to capture it, is a bait for any public; but it requires eminent self-control not to play with it, not to use this power to make trite characters and stock situations sure-fire for the public taste. Books which, though not subtle, might be consistent and harmonious in composition and vigorous throughout, become patchworks of bright scenes in a stale pattern. This is Edna Ferber's danger. Her gifts can be too easily vulgarized. She should go into a retreat. She should hide away from the editors of *The Ladies Home Journal* and *The Delineator*. She should practice austerity like Willa Cather, or set herself to harmonize her rich imaginings like a Persian rug. No one wants her to be a New Englander, but she should stop playing the Pole. She should lift her reality into that higher and finer stage in which it becomes a creative element in the true but unreal world of the finest fiction.

"One cannot think of Degas without visualizing full skirts and pointed toes," says the London *Observer*. "He was, above all, the painter of the ballet. And he loved Paris so profoundly that he hardly left it. Living, Degas shunned the crowd, though he was not unknown to it by his sharp tongue. Dead, he has bequeathed a portrait of himself in his letters. 'Lettres de Degas' (Grasset), to which there are sixteen illustrations, shows him in all his subtlety, cruelty, and inflexible determination to master his craft. He was by no means an easy or equable friend."

A Collection of Studies

THESE THIRTEEN. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING

SITTING down to a review of William Faulkner's "These Thirteen," I suppose that we—the writer and the reader equally—take for granted certain facts concerning the author and his book. Suppose we agree that Mr. Faulkner knows how to write and that he has something to write about. Suppose we agree, too (each making his own reservations), that his writing is significant (of what, of why, and how far, each of us, again, may decide for himself). For the truth is that while the discovery of Mr. Faulkner may be, in your case and in mine, a recent one, others made it quite a few years ago and are probably impatient with us for our tardy recognition in "Sanctuary" of attributes of mind and qualities of workmanship ignored, though quite as strikingly shown forth, in "Sartoris" and "Soldier's Pay" and "The Sound and the Fury." (Parenthetically: "Sanctuary" was by no means the best of Mr. Faulkner's novels up the time of its publication, though it was certainly the most sensational as regarded the nature and treatment of its subject matter. But those who find this an ironic commentary on the mentality and methods of the reading public and the reviewers might reflect that Mr. Faulkner's is not the first case of an author whose canonization as an artist was the reward of a frank experiment in pornography.)

The Gay Faulkner Landscape. Drawn for the Saturday Review *by Guy Pene du Bois.*

Mr. Faulkner, then, can write and has things to write about. We may dispense with further insistence on the point and turn to the more important questions of his method and his intention. In any consideration of Mr. Faulkner's work the question of method takes precedence over that of intention, for it is quite apparent that he himself is first of all concerned with it. If his novels have failed to make this clear to readers whose impressions of one have disintegrated before they have taken up the next, or whose acquaintance with Mr. Faulkner as a novelist has been limited to a reading of "Sanctuary," his short stories, brought together in a volume of some three hundred odd pages, demonstrate it beyond disproof. "These Thirteen" might be likened to a collection of musical études which, while perhaps possessing other and higher values, nevertheless were intended primarily, and must first of all be approached, as exercises in technique. The materials of Mr. Faulkner's tales, the ideas that have gone into them, are often commonplace, often trivial, but in their presentation their author has displayed considerable ingenuity, exploring along many lines the possibilities of narrative technique, employing to this end a wide variety of methods.

Some of these are familiar and conventional; others are novel and experimental. When he chooses to do so, Mr. Faulkner can adapt his material to the form of straight narrative, but it is obvious that this is not the method he finds most congenial, however well he handles it. As if aware that it is not his by natural right, he avoids it except when telling a story frankly for the sake of its plot. "A Rose for Emily," which is a good shocker, and "Divorce in Naples," which is amusing (though in neither has the author or the reader any interest apart from following the development of plot toward a surprise dénouement), are examples of this. They are stories that did not need Mr. Faulkner to write them, though possibly only Mr. Faulkner would have been interested to treat of the sexual abberations which supply their themes. The real Faulkner—the important Faulkner, at any rate—is the Faulkner of the group of war stories that introduces the volume and the group of stories with whose setting and dramatis personæ readers of "The Sound and the Fury" have already been acquainted.

These are the stories in which Mr. Faulkner makes plain his preoccupation with method; here it is obvious that he is searching for a means of reproducing reality—the reality of characters and events, which, as he knows, is many-sided and cannot be presented in the two dimensions allowed by conventional realistic or naturalistic narrative technique. Mr. Faulkner desires to project something which shall be more than a photograph or a moving picture of the people and events to whom and to which he calls our attention. He would project these people and events, so to speak, in the round, as they appear at the same instant from different points in space and time and consciousness. And to this end he constantly varies his method, never sure that he has found the right one, tirelessly experimenting.

His experiments are almost invariably experiments in form (there is only a single negligible exception to this rule among his short stories), they are almost never experiments in syntax. His sentence structure is simple enough, and except for an occasional impressionistic choice of adjective and adverbs, he is content, it seems, that words should retain their conventional meanings and be ordered in conventional relationship. If anything, the writing in which he clothes the skeletons of his experimental forms is careless. Perhaps he takes his mastery of language, of the proper conjunction, the natural rhythms and cadences of written words, for granted. No one, though, will dispute his right to do so, and very probably he will continue in this way until he has solved to his own satisfaction the problem of form. This, let us hope, will be soon—for until Mr. Faulkner exhausts or overcomes his interest in method, in technique, his work must continue to be a promise rather than a realization of our desire for the appearance of a genuine and really important creative talent in the field of American literature.

A Gay Book

TWO PEOPLE. By A. A. MILNE. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is described as Mr. Milne's first serious attempt at the novel; the phrase is evidently designed to exclude "The Red House Mystery," that really excellent detective story, for "Two People" is not itself conspicuously serious. In atmosphere, the present book is reminiscent of the sketches Mr. Milne used to write every week for *Punch* (collected as "Those Were the Days") in the halycon days just before the war, when *Punch* was devoted to depicting an Eden in which nobody ever worked and nobody ever had any violent passions. The hero, Reginald Wellard, is a man of forty, with "what is called money of his own, by which is meant money which is left to you when the owner has no further use for it, not money which you have earned your own self," who has a small place in the country. The figure he presents of a man who has all the pleasures of country life and no responsibilities is in itself enough to take the reader back to Archy and Dahlia and the rest, in the happy *Punches* of 1911; but besides this, just before the novel begins, Reginald one day had an idea for a book, and sat down and wrote the book, and in the course of "Two People" it is brilliantly successful, which puts us definitely in the Land of Dreams Come True.

But there is a difference. This is not to be a humorous book, consequently there is not much of the badinage that Mr. Milne can do so well, and there is a problem. Reginald and his beautiful wife go to London, and there it looks for a while as if they were each going to fall in love with somebody else; but they

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don't. Eventually they return happily to the wholesome country.

And yet it is easy to do less than justice to the book. In spite of its frothiness, it is extremely enjoyable. It is true that some readers may be irritated by a successful author who shows none of the qualifications for authorship, and a woman loved by everybody who does not appear especially lovable, but that is the only objection that can be made to it on the score of readability. It is a pleasant, happy book; if it avoids (probably of set purpose) the gaiety and wit of Mr. Milne's plays, still it has an atmosphere of sustained happiness and cheerfulness that no one can help liking. And since everybody believes that he could write if he tried, "Two People" should, like "Young Man of Manhattan," allow many people to enjoy vicariously the hero's achievement. It is safe to say that this will give more pleasure to more readers than many a book that is better by technical standards.

Yale Criticism

CLASSIC AMERICANS. By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

EACH of the universities has a special pride in some peculiar quality to be found, it is supposed, more often among its members than elsewhere. An outsider may not understand just why this or that learned corporation has assumed these or those bright feathers. They do not always fit the persons who wear them, any more than the colors of a university always go well with individual complexions. A given member of a given university, accused, will deny that he himself claims the peculiar quality and will point to others of his brand who do not possess it. It is, he will perhaps explain, a vulgar legend, begun by accident and carried on in ignorance. But even he, say he is a Princeton man, after he has argued that Princeton men do not have a special pride in anything, except, of course, their breeding, may admit that Harvard men do seem to take for granted the superiority of the Harvard head, and Yale men the superiority of the Yale heart.

If these are legends, they are at least very strong among all who, knowing no better, have to judge by what they think they see. There, for example, is the famed Yale spirit, which Yale men acknowledge with no symptoms of humility, but with pride, rather, in what they hold to be a generous attitude towards the world in general. They possibly do not realize that a short distance from New Haven the Yale spirit looks also like a not too critical habit of minds which, leaning neither to partiality on the one hand nor to impartiality on the other, manage at once to be several things to several men. Yet the Yale spirit, no less than blue, is the Yale color.

Credit must be given to the children of Yale who have, in matters where it does not serve, lost all, most, some, or even any of that benevolent spirit. Consider Henry Seidel Canby. As a young man of letters he tended the blue flower in fields which William Dwight Whitney had once ploughed and which William Lyon Phelps was already roaming on enthusiastic feet. If Mr. Canby did not go with the one in austere precision, he did not take after the other, crooning over new-born masterpieces. Instead, he found gold in the middle of the road. That golden middle has been his diggings.

To it he has kept, resisting all appeals from either side, with a firmness which must be a passion. With equilibrium for his instinct, he has made equilibrium his triumph. But unlike the academic top, spinning in one place to stay upright, he has moved forward like the journalistic bicycle, balanced and yet on its way. He has run over some puffy reputations and hurt them. He has, as he whizzed by, cheered deserving beginners who were still pedestrians. He has added to the Yale cup of kindness a salty taste if not a bitter relish. He has almost learned that cruelty is one of the elements of criticism.

In his latest book, which is his best, Mr. Canby has now and then cut hard, as in his comments on Poe and journalism.

"His tricks of puffery, his constant plagiarism from his own writing, his insistent bluffing, his powers of lucid exposition, his indefatigable invention (only a journalist could have invented the detective story), his complete freedom from intellectual conscience, his meticulous craftsmanship, are all the attributes of the journalist, particularly the free lance journalist. He had the short breath of the journalist, always ending this side of possible weariness. He had the wide and not too discriminating interests of the editorial type of mind."

Mr. Canby has now and then ridden hard, as in his stress on the Quakers, who crop up in the argument with a frequency no other historian has allowed them. "With less obvious psychological effects, the Quaker heritage has been more durable as a spiritual influence than the Puritan, and upon our philosophers of living has been only less powerful than Calvinism." "We shall see its passion for man, freed from fear of the senses, in Whitman, its mystic communion with a God that said aye or nay to the heart, in the struggles of Melville with Moby Dick." "To call Cooper the Quaker romanticist is to put too much in a term, but without his Quakerism he would have been much nearer to a merely American Scott. Without this imprint of a peculiar culture he would never have made Natty Bumppo or Long Tom Coffin, never, in short, have been Cooper."

Hard cutting and hard riding, however, appear only now and then in "Classic Americans." On the whole, the vehicle sticks to the middle course. Mr. Canby utilizes two designs and sees the advantage of expediency.

"This book [he prefaces] which is the fruit of reading and study extended over ten years, was originally planned as a history of American literature studied in the light of its social and intellectual backgrounds. A busy editorial life has made such an ambitious project impracticable, but necessity has its compensations, for the substitution of criticism for history has left me free to take up the congenial task of interpreting to the best of my ability the abundant material now at hand for the study of American literature, free, too, to concentrate upon the great writers who are the essences of their times."

In blunter words, Mr. Canby has read as a scholar and written as a journalist. His work has all the merits of those different workmen which can be combined. He is more thorough than most journalists, more lively than most scholars. Here is the gist of many monographs, brought together with energy and judgment, and tinged with enough idiosyncrasy to give it savor.

Though the chief idiosyncrasy is equilibrium, there are other special qualities in Mr. Canby. He is least satisfactory when he is forced by his subject to be what literary critics call philosophical. His account of Emerson is spacious but confusing, not so much because Emerson was unsystematic as because Mr. Canby is unmetaphysical. He is better with Thoreau, who, though eccentric, was downright and positively businesslike in his speculations. Penetrating about Poe the journalist, Mr. Canby is cautious about Poe the neurotic, able to make sharp guesses but shying from conclusions. With Irving and Fenimore Cooper, men of few mysteries, Mr. Canby has had few difficulties. Melville he has tucked into the Hawthorne chapter for the reasons, apparently, that Hawthorne's problem has been worked out so well and Melville's so badly—or for the reason that reinterpreting is easier than disinterring. Whitman has seldom been treated with more all-round justice than by Mr. Canby, who nevertheless can say that "many not priggish were and are shocked by Whitman."

What does Mr. Canby mean? No one who is not priggish is ever shocked by Whitman any more. Those who complain either are not shocked or else are priggish. There is no third possibility. Mr. Canby is not shocked. He is only splitting the difference. The middle of this stretch of critical road is slippery. On the one side are those who think Whitman no better than obnoxious; on the other, those who think him no worse than obstreperous. It calls for delicate footing to get through, without offense. Mr. Canby treads skilfully. "It was possible," he says, "to question the soundness of the morality of this book, but not to call it immoral. It was possible to question Whitman's definition of decency, but not to call his book indecent for the sake of sensation."

Nor is Mr. Canby content with facing both ways, even when he does it so agilely as in his implication that unsound morality is not immorality. He wants to bring the two parties to the debate into a compromise agreement. He does it by a change of venue. "Others dispute his taste, and they, so it seems to me, are on better ground." Whitman's love poems "are disturbing, not as indecency or immorality, but because of the unpleasant nature of the images they often suggest." Perhaps this is as good a compromise as any. While it will not comfort those who honestly admit some shock or some priggishness, not both, it will soothe those who, actually moralistic but afraid of being called so, prefer to talk of taste, in which they imagine their prejudices will be less challengeable.

Mr. Canby is so just in his inclusions and his estimates that any objections raised have to be technicalities. Technicalities, however, are the mathematics of criticism, as of any other more or less rigorous procedure. The spirit may be large and loose, but the means must sometimes be small and exact. A critic, no matter how judicious, brings himself before the seat of judgment when, out of tolerance, he embraces contradictions.

This critic says that Longfellow "'ran errands' for the culture of his America (which is not to disparage him)." This is disparagement. On one page Fenimore Cooper is explicitly called a Federalist, but elsewhere he stands among the Jeffersonians, with no sharp distinction anywhere between the two sympathies in him. If there is indecision in the history of the book, so is there in its prophecy.* Speaking of the future for Thoreau, Mr. Canby says: "We might conceivably, even yet, become radical his way." Fifty pages later the same prophet says: "When we begin to seek spiritual values interpreted in terms of character, we shall hurry back along the path where Hawthorne broods over souls tossed in moral conflict." Not a flat contradiction, but a diplomatic bargain between opposites.

Mr. Canby has a good mind, and he can make it up on a point or on a policy. His troubles come when he is called upon for a thoroughgoing choice among rival values. He sees so clearly that much is to be said on all sides that he says it himself, and leaves the issue undecided. He will aim between two targets, seemingly unaware that this is not the best way to hit either of them. Because he has read and thought a great deal, and is quick and spirited in his perceptions, his criticism has an alluring catholicity which makes precision seem almost bad manners. Mr. Canby's good manners lead him not so much to spare his Irvings and Coopers and Poes, his Emersons and Hawthornes and Melvilles and Thoreaus and Whitmans, as to save his living and reading audience from the pain of dissent. When he has said that Longfellow "'ran errands' for the culture of his America," Mr. Canby knows that he has spoken the truth and that the truth, with which some of his readers will be pleased, puts Longfellow, as a poet, below men who, as men, may have been less worthy and useful. At the same time, Mr. Canby knows there will be among his readers some others who think it was so important for these errands to be run that the runner of them must not be disparaged. With a deft parenthesis, "(which is not to disparage him)," Mr. Canby reassures them.

It is perilous to be as kind as this. Either party to the cause is likely to think that whatever the other gets in the decision is too much, and neither can be suited with a drawn verdict. Kindness or not, such consideration for both sides is not quite criticism. Or perhaps it is Yale criticism, in which the Yale spirit reveals its generous attitude. Mr. Canby has lost some, and on occasions most, of the disposition to be several things to several men. He has not lost all of it.

Carl Van Doren, Editor of the Literary Guild, was the literary editor of the New York Nation from 1919-1922, and associate professor of English at Columbia University from 1914-16. He was literary editor of the Century Magazine from 1922-25, and is the author of a number of books, among which are "The American Novel" and "Contemporary American Novelists."

*An otherwise appreciative author, who as Editor cannot very well address himself in the correspondence columns of this *Review*, may be permitted to say here that it was Whitman, not he, who remarked that Howells and others "ran errands" for American culture. Whitman undoubtedly intended to disparage writers whom he rightly recognized as not his equal in literary eminence and of whom he may have been jealous as men who had succeeded in being read by the masses. But in quoting him, I did not intend to subscribe to his sneer, and said so. A poet does not have to be great in order to be useful. Running errands for American culture was, and is, a full-time job, in which Longfellow was eminently successful. As for Cooper, he was born and bred in a Federalist environment. How he became a different kind of republican, neither Federalist nor Jeffersonian democrat, I have attempted to explain in "Classic Americans."

New Plays on Old Plots

(*Continued from page* 199)

the ladies, cherishing his lecherous past. It is a movie plot, though moving by fits and starts rather than with the rhythmic staccato of the screen, yet never a movie story, for, like Chekov in "The Cherry Orchard," which this play resembles, the author is concerned with something much more dramatic than saving the old plantation. He is concerned with the intensification of human traits in the together-drawing strands of a crisis. As it totters to its fall the House of Connelly becomes for a moment dramatic, its personalities emerge, sharpen, fade, and it makes very little difference how expected is the denouement, or how familiar the types in the story, for the old roles are being played by new actors each recreating his past.

Green will catch his audience by the stock excitements of a Southern story, but he does not hold them by stock reactions. His boy hero is muddled in his mind, his Southern gentleman and scholar is an old satyr, his poor-white daughter is as aggressive as a pioneer, the sisters really care more for the beautiful house of Connelly than for love or happiness. The two astonishing negroes from the kitchen, squawking and giggling their prophecies, are no more felt as local color than the witches in "Macbeth." When the new wife drives them back to the kitchen with a swing of one of the sacred family candlesticks, something sinister breaks into the scene which mocks at the happy ending of the story.

When characters reveal themselves in a significant action it makes little difference whether their types are old and the plot familiar. An ingenious plot passes the evening but is forgotten by morning. Paul Green is not ingenious. He takes his plot as he finds it, then gives his characters something to do, and to be, that is not so easily forgot.

And indeed this play is an escape from the mood of satiric revolt which captured the American writers of the 'twenties, making them destructive, intolerant, bitter, and partial in their attacks on familiar environment. In "The House of Connelly" the old South is in pangs of dissolution, and the new South in the labor of an ugly birth, but neither is the "menace," neither really wins; one dies and the other lives, and the author is willing that you should make your own choice as to which is preferable. The play, and not the ending, is the thing.

Grosset & Dunlap has recently added the Bible to its list of special books selling at one dollar which already include Shakespeare and Webster's Dictionary.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Morrow.*

An acount of "the military mind as it is weighed in the balance and found wanting."

AMERICAN BEAUTY. By EDNA FERBER. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A story of old and new Connecticut.

FREE WHEELING. By OGDEN NASH. *Simon & Schuster.*

A new volume of very free verse by the author of "Hard Lines."

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

WILLIAM McFEE in his spirited notes contributed to James T. Babb's bibliography of his writings, alludes genially to a well-remembered bookshop on Christopher Street. There is also a passage in McFee's new novel, *The Harbourmaster*, which recognizably describes that same good place. Mr. Spenlove, the narrative chief engineer who tells the tale, describes how entering the room he saw no one in the shop, but on the screen which sheltered the open doorway of the proprietor's sanctum appeared the shadow of a cheerful customer comforting himself with a drink. This fits in well with our own private memoirs of contemporary letters. It was after he realized the translucent qualities of that screen that our friend the bookseller had a wooden door put in; a door that became famous.

The mutual association of literature and John Barleycorn was traditional at that address. One of the romantic charms of the shop was that it had originally been the back room of the saloon where the young John Masefield worked. It is wrong to say that Mr. Masefield tended bar; he did not rise so high as that. Those familiar with an interesting item of obsolete Americana, the Bartenders' Guide by Harry Johnson (my own edition is dated, I think, 1887, but is not a first by many reprintings), will know that the old-time bartending was not a post for beginners; it required great experience; also an agile tact and impeccable sobriety. (Under the bar there was always a bottle of cold tea from which the barkeep took a swig when an enthusiastic patron insisted on treating him.) Mr. Masefield, I believe, was a bus-boy and helped to clean and polish.

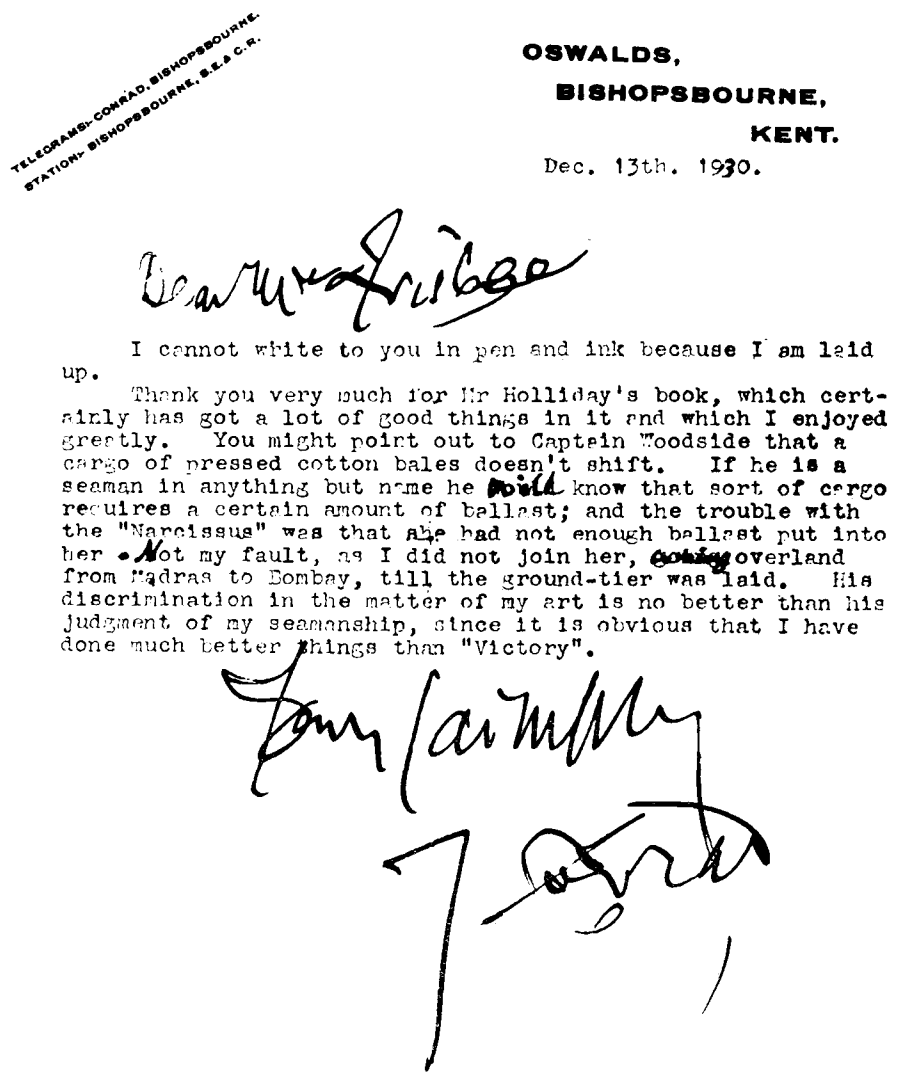
In regard to that vanished bookshop: there was a magnetism in Frank Shay that drew about him all sorts of bohemian and impulsive people. Collectors of Edna Millay and Eugene O'Neill and of McFee himself have a lively time hunting for the queer little editions Frank Shay published on Christopher Street. Many surprising items passed across its counters. I remember Frank telling me how one day there appeared in his shop an unknown lady who opened a parcel and offered him some of the rarest Kipling editions in presentation copies. He told her honestly that he could not possibly pay her what they were probably worth, and urged her to visit traders of more substance. But she insisted on an immediate transaction. One of the volumes so excited Frank that he rushed down to the office of the *Evening Post* to show it to me. As I remember it, it was a first edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, inscribed something like this: "To———, a woman of the world, from the author, who when he wrote this book thought he knew much more than he did."

A bookshop like Frank Shay's could not endure forever: it was too delightfully human and impromptu. Frank's management was succeeded by a most agreeable young colored man, and he by a rather fragile young woman, herself a charming poet and a contributor to the old Bowling Green. I mention her fragility only for one reason: when the inevitable happened and the stock had to be closed out there was one very fine collector's item which she wanted to preserve. It was rather a bulky one: the door at the back of the shop, which had replaced the telltale screen. Frank had left it unpainted and both sides of the wood had been covered through several lively years by the autographs of the shop's patrons. There was hardly a "desirable" signature in contemporary letters that was missing from this unique collection; some were accompanied by very frolicsome sketches and inscriptions. Frank had varnished the door to preserve the autographs. At the final closure of the shop everything else had perished under sheriff's mandate, but the sacred door remained. In the eyes of the law it was just so much mere scribble, but the young woman bookseller could not endure the thought of losing it. In the dusk and colophon of that dark day the fragile bibliophile managed to unhinge it and was wondering how to get it home with her. Never say that chivalry has perished in Greenwich Village. Two men of letters, coming along Christopher Street, saw her wrestling with the precious lumber. They carried it back to her apartment for her; and there, by legend at any rate, it still is. This is an old story to many readers; I mention it again only because Mr. McFee's allusions reminded me of it, and if the door is still in existence I should love to print a photo of it in the Bowling Green.

Edward J. O'Brien in a book on the Modern Short Story just published expresses a wish that someone would reprint Logan Pearsall Smith's *The Youth of Parnassus*, a volume of pensive halftones in prose. Frank Shay did so, without much luck, about ten years ago. My copies of the first edition (Macmillan, 1895, I think) and of Shay's reprint have both got away from me; so I can be honest when I say I think it better that the very few who are likely to care for so pleasant a book should have the fun of hunting for it. The oddity of its rebirth, twenty-five years after its original publication, in that red-headed shop in Greenwich Village, makes the second edition almost as desirable to the sentimentalist as the first one. And the desiderating few can also have a long and unlikely chase for the original *Trivia*, first published at the Chiswick Press (only 300 copies) in 1902. The first public edition of *Trivia*, a little book that completely fulfils a prime requirement of any art (that it should perfectly accomplish its intention) was printed by Doubleday, Page in 1917. The English edition did not come from Constable until 1918. Then the enthusiast can go on to discover the delightful French translation (done jointly by Philippe Neel and Pearsall Smith) in the series of *Cahiers Verts* (Paris: Librairie Grasset, 1921). *More Trivia* came from Harcourt Brace in 1921; followed ten years later by *Afterthoughts*. Although *Trivia* has been o.p. for some time, it is a book that has had a traceable purgative influence on many young writers. Pearsall Smith's books have always led re-emerging lives; I've been wondering whether it isn't about time that *Trivia* and *More Trivia* were revived in one volume in the Modern Library.

Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday in his book *Men and Books and Cities* described Mr. George Frisbee, a retired druggist and book collector of San Francisco, as the happiest man he had ever seen. Part of Mr. Frisbee's happiness is accounted for by the pursuit of a champion hobby: he writes to us from time to time about the progress and complete irrefutability of his doctrine that the Earl of Oxford wrote most of Shakespeare. But this to me is less important than the fact that Mr. Frisbee once in the goodness of his heart gave me a letter Joseph Conrad wrote him explaining how it was that the *Narcissus* went over on her beam ends. Mr. Holliday in *Men and Books and Cities* quoted a retired shipmaster of San Francisco who questioned some technical sea-details of Conrad's *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. Mr. Frisbee sent the book to Conrad and as it is a matter of considerable interest I reproduce his reply.

A veteran journalist in Canada kindly sends us an anecdote of Steve O'Grady, whose diverse career was alluded to by our friend John Mistletoe. Our correspondent writes:



TELEGRAMS- CONRAD, BISHOPSBOURNE.
STATION- BISHOPSBOURNE, S.E.& C.R.

OSWALDS,
BISHOPSBOURNE,
KENT.

Dec. 13th. 1930.

Dear Mr. Frisbee

I cannot write to you in pen and ink because I am laid up.

Thank you very much for Mr Holliday's book, which certainly has got a lot of good things in it and which I enjoyed greatly. You might point out to Captain Woodside that a cargo of pressed cotton bales doesn't shift. If he is a seaman in anything but name he would know that sort of cargo requires a certain amount of ballast; and the trouble with the "Narcissus" was that she had not enough ballast put into her. Not my fault, as I did not join her, coming overland from Madras to Bombay, till the ground-tier was laid. His discrimination in the matter of my art is no better than his judgment of my seamanship, since it is obvious that I have done much better things than "Victory".

Yours faithfully
Joseph Conrad

The day before I started to read Mistletoe's recollections of O'Grady, a young lady visited me. After she had gone I wondered whether she knew that she was Steve O'Grady's goddaughter, whether Steve remembered that he had a god-daughter, and what had become of him anyway. I first met Steve about 1906 or 1907 when he was press agent for H. W. Savage. He fitted in joyously with a little Bohemian group which used to quaff Scotch and soda in a downtown chophouse in this city. One of our gang had recently become the father of a girl and Steve just had to go and see the baby. The kid's father was a Protestant and the mother a Catholic and though there were no family differences about religion, the child had not been baptized. Steve was disturbed about this, and next day turned up in a hack at the house of my friend, who was downtown on assignments. With his breezy whirlwind manner he whisked the babe, its mother and its grandmother off to St. Michael's Cathedral where he had a priest waiting to perform the baptismal ceremony. Unfortunately the father could not see the humor of it, and the episode caused a domestic storm over which Steve felt very badly. However, his godchild has grown up into a delightful girl but the baptism didn't "take" and I doubt if the young lady herself has ever been told that Steve was her godfather.

In having a ransack among some books before locking them up for the winter, I wondered why we hear so much about first editions and fine copies and not nearly enough about the chance examples and shabby second-hand culls that we more frequently encounter. Does no one else take pleasure in phony copies, piracies, wretched reprints jobbed off for mail-order sets and department store trading? Consider Conan Doyle for instance: what an oddly miscellaneous spectacle is the collection of any average Doyle enthusiast. My own fortuitous gathering of Doyles ranges (by gift or purchase) from the bound volumes of the *Strand Magazine* for 1891-93 in which Holmes's adventures and memoirs first appeared, down to S. C. Roberts's admirable pamphlet *Doctor Watson* (which no one has yet printed in this country) attempting to clear up the mystery of Watson's second marriage. I have some genuine firsts among them, but not less prized are the queer and abominable copies picked up from time to time at hazard. My American edition of the Stark Munro Letters (Appleton '95) has the rubber stamp of the Y. M. C. A. Library, Montreal. Beyond the City, vilely impressed on brittle yellowing paper, was sponsored by F. Tennyson Neely, 1894. A Study in Scarlet is one of a set imprinted W. R. Caldwell and Co. The Firm of Girdlestone carries the name of Siegel Cooper & Co., New York and Chicago. Most mysterious of the lot is A Case of Identity and Other Stories, from The Optimus Printing Company, 45-51 Rose Street, New York. I wonder where Rose Street is? Next after Oscar Wilde, poor old Conan Doyle must have been utilized by more will-o-the-wisp publishers than any other modern writer. These casual oddities of imprint always give me much innocent pleasure.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Delightful Mexico

PROLOGUE TO MEXICO. By MARIAN STORM. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MEXICO might have been designed by a beneficent Providence to charm North Americans, but comparatively few of the latter, happily, are aware of that fact. It is still largely "unspoiled." Mr. Stuart Chase, one of the more recent literary tourists, seems to think that it may remain so, or at any rate that there is a vitality in its slow, indigenous rhythms which will oppose a more than usually stubborn resistance to the attacks of the machine. Of course the fascination which Mexico has exerted on all sorts of Americans, from Mme. Calderon de la Barca to the family of Ambassador Morrow, resides in much besides the mere absence of modern machinery, but that needn't be gone into here.

Miss Storm's "search for a place," "for that elusive home that, never seen before, will yet at once be known, recognized by some quick contentment," seems to have been prompted by a mood not uncommon to Americans who want to get away from it all and are so situated that they are able to do so, for at least a few years or months.

She poked about, where poking is so attractive and satisfying, in the less known and remoter towns and villages, both of the highlands and the hot country, with time to talk and make friends and to live a little way into the native life. Somewhere down in the southwest, within sight of the faintly smoking cone of Colima, with a vista of some twenty-eight haciendas, 1,700 square leagues, stretching below her, burro-trains winding along the trail, and "three dark, barefoot harpers coming over the hills," she appears, at least for the purposes of her book, to have found her paradise.

> . . . "You look startled," Don Carlos noticed kindly.
> "It seemed to me I heard a train."
> "Well, it will pass," he said. . . .

The tough-minded may find Miss Storm's narrative a trifle too sweet, be irked by its tone of subdued but continuous ecstasy. Chermoyas and Mexican chocolate are both good, but why, as the Russian said, "break the furniture?" Yet the Mexico which she describes is all there, and she writes with vividness and evident sincerity. There is no question that the book is a labor of love.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE is a measure of C. S. C.'s —the great Calverley—that appeals particularly to our own modern and American literary jester, "F. P. A." He uses it not infrequently and always deftly. Toward the end of his present book, *Christopher Columbus and Other Patriotic Verses* (Viking), there is a neat example of it in "An Outline of Poetry," whereof the last verse, though hardly strictly accurate, expresses what all men born to relish versing must actually feel about their work:

Of mine there is no quoted jot;
A billion words, and of them none
Endured an hour . . . I've had a lot
Of fun.

"F. P. A." has indeed had a lot of fun rhyming, and has entertained many. His latest venture is in the field of patriotic biography in verse, both bond and free, apparently inspired in the first instance ("Christopher Columbus") by a well-known opus from the pen of a near relative of mine, with side-swipes at the manners of several other poets, including Alfred Noyes and Joseph Moncure March. For Noyes, witness:

I could type away, I could pen away,
And I couldn't alter, jotly or tittlely,
That Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa,
Which is nowhere else in the world but Italy.
Oh, Chris was born in Genoa, in Genoa, in Genoa.
Oh, Chris was born in Genoa; it isn't far from Como.
In Fourteen Hundred and Thirty-Six, in Genoa, in Genoa,
In Fourteen Hundred and Thirty-Six, that isn't far from accurate.

The high spirits manifest in his celebration of Columbus, Benjamin Franklin, and Noah Webster, and the acrobatic turns displayed, make them amusing reading though they are a bit long-drawn out. My own personal preference is for the Webster one, particularly upon pages 20 and 21 where Webster starts by saying to his wife that he is a man of a few words and his wife promptly rejoins that he is a man of a few hundred thousand. Noah Webster has badly needed his lyric biographer. Now at last he has come into his own. Which is meet and right, for surely we all echo in our hearts the statement of the chosen bard that, though some of us may possess quite a sizeable vocabulary:

. . . words and their meanings — I wouldn't know 'em,
Without the help of the subject of this poem.

All literature, after all, starts from the dictionary, and yet all through the ages, while poets have been celebrating everything else under heaven, they have strangely overlooked the very fountainhead of their inspiration. Abominable!

Yet hold! There is another side to this business of words, as in a very short while Mr. Adams reminds us in contemplating one of his little boys just become articulate. He proceeds to warn his son:

Learn not too many words, nor let
Your verbal store swell like a bubble;
For words are things that often get
Men into trouble.

So keep laconic; be you bad
Or good, or puritan or petter,
Remember, as to talk, my lad,
The less the better.

There are several rhymed book reviews a little further along, of which the best—and one like to become a classic—is that of "My Experiences in the World War," by General John J. Pershing. Still farther on "F. P. A." shows us that his hand has not lost its cunning in adapting Horace, and he follows this with a variety of poems chiefly topical, concerning "Odes and Ads," the stock-talking bores, the impossibility of doing any work in the country, "Gastronomic Loves and Hates," the inability to get a cab on a rainy night, New York as Carl Sandburg might see it, the new poetry, the modern quick-line, and so on. Were this columnar veteran a newcomer I might not take his book quite so calmly, but as it is we are used to expecting from him a finished product, and we usually get it. He knows all the ropes of light versifying, and I think it is not too much to say that, despite his own disclaimer, his achievements in this difficult art will be long remembered.

There were two things that prevented me from giving Selma Robinson weighty consideration as a poet before I sat down to read her *City Child* (Farrar & Rinehart). One was that she was so energetic and able a person in the field of book-publicity that I didn't suppose she could have time for verse (and I don't read many magazines); the other was that she was so attractive looking that I was reminded of an historic remark made years ago to another now eminently-established feminine poet, "But you're so pretty—why do you write poetry?" I made a mistake. Selma Robinson is a genuine poet. The only obstacle she has still to overcome is the occasional influence of the earlier Vincent Millay and of Dorothy Parker, who now at her best is inimitable. Naturally I do not mean that there is any intention of imitation on the part of Miss Robinson, just that the unconscious influence sometimes shows through. But when one considers such poems as "That the Sons of God—" "Portrait of a Lady," "Ravel: La Valse," "A Divorce," "Death Makes No Noise," "Ultima Thule," "Wood-Cut," and "City Childhood," one acknowledges Miss Robinson's own unique credentials. The first section of her book, despite the delightful first "Song for a Smile called Wry," recalls other charming voices, but as I read on I was impressed by more than the cleverness at versifying that one must grant this poet at the outset. This is what I mean:

RAVEL: LA VALSE

Languor lay about them like a veil;
It seemed to him who held her that her face
Was wavering and nebulous and pale
As lilies seen through a translucent vase.
A white rose in her hair was turning brown
And breathed the sickish sweetness of decay
Into the rumpled laces of her gown.
Shadows of perfumes mingled in her hair
With stale remembrances of cigarets.
. . . Off in a corner, on a wine-stained cloth,
Two glasses clinked. There was a sodden breeze
Like an impassioned plea, so hot, so low;
Then that, too, died, and silence took its place
And it was thick and cloying with despair.

Alice Duer Miller is an accomplished writer of fiction in prose. Her work has had great popularity. Years ago she and her sister, Caroline Duer, wrote a volume of poems together, and some time later on Mrs. Miller published a small volume made entirely of her own poems. They were not remarkably memorable, but her ability to write verse was obvious. Now Simon & Schuster bring out a "story in verse" which has already had periodical presentation, entitled, *Forsaking all Others*. It is the old story of a triangle, of the love-affair of a man and woman who must keep their love secret. Its merit is the concision of the story in a series of, as it were, flash-lights; and it is quite successful in surmounting the immediate difficulties of putting actual conversation, letters as they are actually written, and things as they are actually said, into the forms of verse. Very occasionally Mrs. Miller slips. Otherwise it is all quite a *tour de force*. Though one cannot dismiss the poem as that. The analysis, particularly of the femininity of the woman Lee, is done with too adroit an understanding. The glimpses of New York background are vividly observed. If the narrative does not rise into the realms of distinguished poetry it nevertheless holds the attention through its narrative art, and the people in it are convincing. Sometimes the rhymes seem jingly. But the verse is worldly-wise and often decidedly clever.

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"Set of Six"

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, SIX SHORT STORIES. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

MR. MAUGHAM is the most competent, the most professional of authors. Indeed, he is perhaps a little too publicly aware of his almost ruthless competence, his slightly hard-boiled professionalism. In his introduction to the present "set of six" there is a tone of uneasy truculence. "I have been accused of bad taste," he says:

"I have at one time or another been charged with portraying certain persons so exactly that it was impossible not to know them. This has disturbed me, not so much for my own sake (since I am used to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune) as for the sake of criticism in general. We authors, of course, try to be gentlemen, but we often fail and we must console ourselves by reflecting that few writers of any consequence have been devoid of a certain streak of vulgarity. Life is vulgar. I have long known that journalists, in private free in their speech and fond enough of bawdry, are in print great sticklers for purity, and I have no doubt that this is as it should be; but I fear that if they become *too* refined there will be so few points of contact between them and the writers whom it is their pleasant duty to appraise that criticism will become almost impossible."

This passage is irony at its worst—that is, at its least convincing. Something is troubling Mr. Maugham, and he is trying to curl his lip contemptuously and shrug it away. "I have been accused of bad taste," he says. . . .

Nevertheless, as novelist, as playwright, as teller of tales, Mr. Maugham is always professionally competent, and from time to time he is a great deal better than that. From time to time he ceases to be merely slick, hard, and brilliant; he forgets himself in his material, his characters come alive, he illuminates the mind and touches the heart. There are two superb stories in the present volume—one a masterpiece of comedy, the other a tragedy of character and circumstance that is uncompromisingly seen and yet deeply and truly felt. The comedy, "Jane," may be left to speak for itself; every line of it is right, and Jane herself is the sort of woman who would never insist upon being remembered, but whom discriminating readers will find it very difficult (and unnecessary) to forget. The tragedy, "The Alien Corn," is a different and more difficult accomplishment. In this story Mr. Maugham seems to me to pass far beyond the usual range of his distinguished talent.

"The Alien Corn" is a study of a Jewish family of great wealth who are trying to escape from all the tremendous implications of their racial inheritance and turn themselves into the perfect, the complete, English county family. All the passionate pride and hope of Sir Adolphus Bland (the name was originally Bleikogel) and of his wife, Lady Muriel, are centered in their eldest son, George.

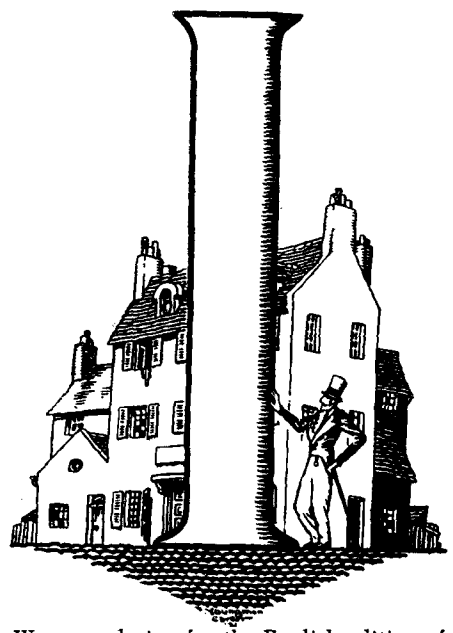
"George was a scratch at golf, and though tennis was not his game he played much better than the average; the Blands had had him taught to shoot as soon as he was old enough to hold a gun, and he was a fine shot; they had put him on a pony when he was two, etc. —George was so tall and slim, his curly hair, of a palish brown, was so fine, his eyes were so blue, he was the perfect type of the young Englishman."

Harry, the second son, was

"stocky, broad-shouldered, and strong for his age, but his black eyes, shining with cleverness, his coarse dark hair, and his big nose revealed his race. Freddy (Sir Adolphus) was severe with him . . . but with George he was all indulgence. Harry would go into the business, he had brains and push, but George was the heir. George would be an English gentleman."

But, unhappily, George had other needs, another ambition. He wished to become a great concert pianist. He fled to Munich on five pounds a week, and the resulting tragedy is a deeper sounding of those strange, compelling mid-sea currents of race than you might easily suppose. The story takes on passion, heartbreak, and a certain grandeur—only marred, alas, by a touch of cynical smartness in its concluding sentence. "One reads of such accidents in the paper often." But the blemish, if it be a blemish, is slight.

The other four stories are well enough in their way. Mr. Maugham knows how to plan a story and carry it through. Competence is the word. His style is without a trace of imaginative beauty; one feels that like Stendhal he has been studying the *Code Civil*. "There entered a youth in a very well-cut dinner jacket." That is the tone of his writing, clear, cold, charmless, efficient; an occasional glitter of wit, or the salt taste of irony. No nonsense about him; he knows perfectly how to do what he desires to do. And then, from time to time, unexpectedly, as in "Rain" or "The Alien Corn," he feels something, as if in spite of himself, intensely—and knows surprisingly more.



Wrapper design for the English edition of Somerset Maugham's "First Person Singular"

Lee Wilson Dodd is a novelist, playwright, poet, and essayist. Among his works are "The Book of Susan," "The Changelings," "The Great Enlightenment," and "The Golden Complex."

Early Philadelphia

OLD PHILADELPHIA. By GEORGE GIBBS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH R. PENNELL

PHILADELPHIA is the background for the third in Appleton's Old City Fiction Series, and, if the choice of cities depended on character, it might more appropriately have been the first. In this respect it is not to be surpassed even by New York, Mrs. Edith Wharton's subject for the first of the series, or even by New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Tinker's for the second. In its history, its architecture, its traditions, its people, its atmosphere, Philadelphia is not like any other city in the country, and yet, until now, little has been made of the tremendous opportunities it offers to the novelist. Dr. Weir Mitchell did his best in "Hugh Wynne" but, somehow, though he came nearer success than any other teller of Philadelphia tales, the Philadelphia of his romance is colorless compared with the Philadelphia of fact. Miss Anne Wharton, hovering between history and romance, was diligent in collecting the city's old legends and traditions, but she lacked the essential spark of genius that would have given them life in her pages. Perhaps it is Philadelphia's very excess of character that is the drawback.

Now, Mr. George Gibbs, in his four short novels, has no doubt done his best. He has apparently spared himself no pains in searching old annals and records; he has resurrected the old incidents in Philadelphia's past that by this time every real Philadelphian knows by heart; he has conscientiously reconstructed the old landmarks. In "The Loyal Rebel," the first tale of the four, we have the Old Philadelphia of "The Seventeen-Seventies," with Washington at Valley Forge and General Howe in Philadelphia; with Lafayette and Baron Steuben giving us the support for which they now have their reward in statues and memorials; with spies everywhere and brave women doing their bit; and, of course, the story would not be complete if we were not once more plunged into the splendors and pomp of the too much written about *Mischianza*.

"Supercargo," the second tale, brings us down in the Seventeen-nineties, fighting over, commerce booming in a commercial town, and now, of course, Stephen Girard is the great man in Philadelphia and the Yellow Fever the enemy who fought, and already we have a vision of the Girard College of the future.

By "The Eighteen-Thirties" Philadelphia has ceased to be so strenuous. The enemy is no longer at the gates and it has allowed itself leisure to cultivate the manners and morals which for long were essentially Philadelphian though Philadelphians now seem bent upon forgetting and outliving them. I may be mistaken, but I gather that this is the reason why, in his third volume, Mr. Gibbs gives the title "Autumn." No enemy in possession at this late date, no concentration of gaiety in one rare *Mischianza*. Even the old Quaker leading-strings are weakening and many Philadelphians who continue to thee-and-thou each other do not lag behind the world's people in the pursuit of amusement and regular attendance at the Assembly.

In none of his stories has Mr. Gibbs any surprise for us. We know beforehand what to expect of "The Eighteen-Fifties" and his fourth volume, "North Star," does not disappoint us. Slavery has become the absorbing problem of the young republic and Philadelphia is one of the principal stations on the Underground Railroad. And so, as a matter of course, the tale is of gallant young Southern gentlemen and ardent young Northern champions of freedom, and fearless, lovely heroines; of spies and faithful servants; of challenges and duels. Mr. Gibbs spares us not one item of it all.

Indeed, throughout, Mr. Gibbs is nothing if not conscientious. The material at his command is well-nigh inexhaustible but he is as lavish with his detail as were the Pre-Raphaelites in their pictures. If the reader happens to be a Philadelphian he recognizes the background at every stage of every story—he finds himself at home in "Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine" Streets, in pleasant backgrounds where wistaria hangs over the brick walls, at Bartram's and Fairmount, the Old Swedes Church and the Wissahickon Woods, or on the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill. It is when Mr. Gibbs fills his Old Philadelphia with people that he fails us! He can record, but he cannot create —certainly he does not in these four volumes. His men and women are so many puppets, so many manikins, dressed correctly, talking correctly, doing the correct thing at the correct moment—on the correct stage set out for them and their costume has been carefully studied, also their deportment and their speech. But the one great essential—the breath of life—is wanting. As a result, they never hold our interest for a minute from the beginning to the end. We seem, all the time, to see the strings as, in groups or singly, they do their little stunts to illustrate the history of Old Philadelphia. Even Dr. Mitchell's stilted hero, Hugh Wynne, is more alive, less mechanical. I admit that few things are as difficult as to make real men and women out of the heroes and heroines of a romantic past. Only an occasional novelist has succeeded and, unfortunately, anything less than complete success makes this sort of story dull reading.

Elizabeth R. Pennell, wife of the artist, and herself a writer of note, was identified for many years with Philadelphia, and knows its society as well as its other aspects.

A Fool and His Dream

THE LOVE OF MARIO FERRARO. By JOHAN WIGMORE FABRICIUS. Translated from the Dutch. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THIS is an exceptionally able novel, overflowing with riches of character and background. It is not surprising to learn that Johan Wigmore Fabricius, this young Dutch writer, has studied with distinction and practiced ably the art of painting, for in the novels of only a few writers is there such effective filling in of the details of place. At first he gives us Capri, not as seen by gushing tourists nor by visiting literary men, but as the islanders themselves see and feel it; then the docks at Naples, with the ships and the idlers, the cheap little shops and the anxious emigrants; the liner to South America, Rio for a moment, then Buenos Aires and up the river to Asuncion, and beyond to the jungles of Paraguay—these last filling the second half of the novel. Everywhere the sense of place is markedly keen; whatever the author has in his imagination or his memory he is able to make us see—invariably sharply outlined, yet not lacking in delicacy and suggestiveness. Mario's strange life at Fuerte Olimpo is described and made vivid with a sombre attention to physical environment that reminds us very strongly of Conrad's description of Jim's up-river kingdom, the lesser effectiveness of the present novel being due largely to the insignificance of Mario's problem in comparison with the meaningfulness of Jim's. But it would be interesting to know whether Fabricius had read "Lord Jim."

Mario was a young fool, running away from a dream. The reality of the dream was Giulietta, a silly, vain, amorous little wench at home in Capri, and, of course, Mario believed that he loved her. For what he imagined was her sake he almost killed a man, and fled to Naples; but he could not forget Giulietta. Later Mario had the chance to ally himself with a thoroughly worthwhile, not unattractive, young Russian girl, but again the dream unfitted him for actuality. When, at Fuerte Olimpo, he was able to send passage money back to Capri for Giulietta, she came to him, but again she brought him ruin, and, this time, his death. All through the book, Mario is not much of a man; he is weak, pompous, lacking in self-knowledge, but somehow he remains from first to last a sympathetic character. We are anxious that things should go right with him, but they never do. He is always the victim of his own mental and moral poverty.

The narrative, of which Mario's downfall is the central thread, has a continuous freshness and vitality. Certain of the episodes are developed with remarkable skill, with the sense for effectiveness that only the natural writer possesses. Altogether, the novel is far above the average in the things that make for good reading —and memorable reading. Fabricius by the evidence of this book alone must be held much more than merely talented.

The Story of a City

LAKE FRONT. By RUTH RUSSELL. Chicago: Rockwell. 1931. $2.50.

RUTH RUSSELL'S novel is a failure of a strange order. If a maladroit simile may be applied, it represents a victorious retreat from the ambitious success it sets out to achieve. The novel attempts to encompass two ends: the first, and apparently the foremost in the author's mind, if we take at its face value her prefatory remark: "Since this is the story of a city, truth to the lives of individuals has been subordinated to truth to the life of the city" is a spiritual and physical history of Chicago from 1835 to 1894. (A symbolical prologue and epilogue respectively sketch the Père Marquette days and the present gangster rule.) The second is the story of a family. These two masses of material fail to weld, and as a result both histories are sketchy and unsatisfying. We lose sight of the city in following the dramatic narrative of the O'Maras and their relatives by marriage. We lose sight of the O'Maras when the author switches to the development of Chicago. Both are equally interesting and vital, and a more satisfying novel from the same material would have filled a gap in our national literature, for it was families like the O'Mara who, in the short space of sixty years, built Chicago out of the muck of the lake bottom and made it a city of international importance.

And examination of the author's style might lead to an explanation of her failure. She is given to exaggerated imagery ("Blood like dark red pancake batter on the dirty floor"), specious symbolism, and, in the course of two hundred and ninety-one pages of short declarative sentences (most of them verbless), the narrative resolves itself into a jerky, spluttering hodge-podge extremely irritating to the reader. What might have been a successful rendition of the tempo of a bustling city's life, becomes an enervating and bastardized version of the stream of consciousness. However, there is a fine talent at work in Lake Shore, a mind sensitized to the relationships of human beings and the apparently meaningless symbols by which these relationships are made patent to the observer.

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BOOKS ON REVOLUTIONARY LANDS

An Epic Struggle

MAHATMA GANDHI AT WORK. Edited by C. F. ANDREWS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

"PEACE was never to be my portion in this life," writes Mr. Gandhi in his great autobiography, "My Experiments with Truth." It might also be the motto of his friend and editor, C. F. Andrews. Wherever the battle of race rages hottest, there is Andrews, who for the last thirty or more years has been one of the little company which has served the cause of humanity on this greatest of its battle fronts. The present volume comes out very appropriately at this moment, when Britain is being challenged to prove that though she has lost much she has not lost her soul, and that she will carry out to the letter her promises to the great sister nation of India.

Many Englishmen have long recognized the real significance of both Gandhi and Andrews; for these men stand for a solution of the problems of India on the high spiritual plane, and they bring expert knowledge to the help of their idealism. And so while Viceroys, from Lord Hardinge to Lord Irwin—"that noble Englishman," as Gandhi called him in his first speech in England the other night—have befriended these men, the lesser fry have been as vicious as mosquitoes. And in this volume, which tells of the epic struggle in South Africa, Mr. Gandhi does not hesitate to call a spade a spade and to blame the "weakness" of a Chamberlain, and the "duplicity" of a Selborne. Fortunately the time is past when Indians need be mealy-mouthed or polite, and we can welcome the bluntness of this great son of fact.

What is the issue raised in this volume and its predecessor? It is a clean-cut one, that of the right of the Indian people to their place in the British Commonwealth—"the right to sin," in Mr. Gandhi's striking phrase, the right to make their own mistakes like the rest of us. As he said the other night, "Yes, we are patriots and nationalists, but we are also good internationalists, for the interests of all are bound up together."

But there is another issue interwoven with this between the two nations—one even more far-reaching. This is the race question. Can East and West solve their common problems together? Can they learn to respect one another and to cooperate in the spirit of partnership? To this problem it is that Gandhi makes his greatest contribution. His training has been providential, and he claims that in his search for truth he has been led step by step by Providence. This claim no one who has read the two former volumes edited by Mr. Andrews, "Gandhi's Ideals" and "Gandhi's Own Story," will care to dispute. This third volume is the key to the other two, for it tells very vividly how on the narrow stage of South Africa this great servant of humanity worked out his cardinal principles, and won a great and notable victory of the spirit. Without bitterness, but with the great art of sincerity, he tells of his intolerable treatment and of the long struggle for the rights of the indentured laborers from India. He shows himself a shrewd observer of the mixed peoples of South Africa and of their qualities, and he learns from all alike, whether it is from great ones like Olive Schreiner or the humble coolie women and Julus and Boer farmers, and the tale of his friendships with Englishmen of all classes is a cheering one to read at this time.

The great fascination of this volume is the evolution of his principles, which have been described as the great tripod on which the whole structure rests. Not all will agree with his interpretation of *Brahmacharya,* purity with its rather extreme note of asceticism, but the second great principle of *Satyagrapa,* or the Power of Truth, is immutable, and we may rejoice that in our time soul force has won so many victories. Mr. Gandhi distinguishes it from passive resistance. He defines it as "the Force which is born of Truth and Love," and he claims that the early Christians were not passive resisters but Satyagrahis. The third principle is that of *Ahimsa,* or refusal to do harm, and it is this which has again and again disarmed opposition and made friends for Gandhi and his work. He is full of the spirit of loving kindness, and non-violence is a very poor and negative term to express the love which radiates from him. As champion of the poor

MAHATMA GANDHI TODAY

and the oppressed, he is also a friend of the rich and the mighty, and passes easily from the presence of villagers to that of Viceroys, or from his friends in the East end of London to the Indian delegates who live amid the splendors of the Dorchester Hotel.

These words on the Gita, which "competes on equal terms with the Sermon on the Mount for my allegiance," are in many ways a key to the understanding of Mr. Gandhi:

"Fearlessness connotes freedom from all external fear—fear of disease, bodily injury and death, of dispossession, of losing one's nearest and dearest, of losing reputation or giving offense, and so on. One who overcomes the fear of death does not surmount all other fears, as is commonly but erroneously supposed. . . .

We thus find that all fear is the baseless fabric of our own vision. Fear has no place in our hearts when we have shaken off the attachment for wealth, for family, and for the body. Wealth, the family, and the body will be there, just the same; we have only to change our attitude to them. All these are not ours but God's. Nothing whatever in this world is ours. Even we ourselves are His. Why, then should we entertain any fears?"

Kenneth Saunders, professor of the history of religion in the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, studied Buddhism in Ceylon, and for some years was with the Y. M. C. A. in India. He is the author of a number of books on Buddhism.

The Passionate Pilgrim

I WENT TO RUSSIA. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS

ANY list of living Irish prose writers of the first consideration, no matter how circumspectly drawn up, would have to meet challenges, both as regards entries and omissions—but no compiler would leave out the name of Liam O'Flaherty, nor would the most captious scrutiny challenge the inclusion. O'Flaherty is a classical embodiment of revolutionary Dublin. His mind is like a storm-tossed sea, throwing up the fauna and flora of the Irish coast—and a good deal of historical wreckage as well. There is a curious element of reasonableness and calm self-possession in the make-up of this passionate young man. He thinks, like a common Gael, with his nerves—but like a very uncommon one, he has the artist's knack of weighing, censoring, and properly interrelating his impressions, after the first stress of emotional perception is over. This precious gift of turning passionate perceptions into calm ones, and yet leaving them with an aura of their first ardor, was plainly visible in his first published work—a little gem of a story, called "The Informer"—and it abides with him in his latest: the record of a Russian journey.

The book lacks a motto—a very good one might be taken from "Kim," or else, from Kipling's rhymed editorials. [I have to quote "Kim" from memory—the book, once lent, no matter to whom, is sure not to return.] "Kim, being Irish, loved to see the immediate effect of action." Ditto, O'Flaherty. And as to Kipling's East and West—why, the twain *have* met at last—an impenetrable Irish body of highly emotional experimental-mindedness has collided with an irresistible one of social reconstruction. Result: the delightful volume now before us.

O'Flaherty is only thirty-four years old, but like Homer's *anthropus polytropos,* he is a much-travelled Odysseus. He fought in the World War, on French soil, as a private of the Irish guards, was shell-shocked, and returned to Ireland. There he was surrounded by Dublin revolutionists—it is to be assumed that they wouldn't have noticed the difference between a sane man and a shell-shocked one, anyway. Recovered, he went to London, to Smyrna, to Montreal, Boston, New York—and wherever he went, he carried, like Jacob Marley in the "Christmas Carol," his own atmosphere with him. The Roman poet had predivined the O'Flaherty when he wrote:

Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui transmare currunt

or, as an illustrious countryman of the O'Flaherty has it: "Seasons may roll—But the true soul—Burns the same wherever it goes." He carried to Russia the same yeasty ferment of rebellious Dublin that he had taken for a walk to the Canadian backwoods. That makes him now and then a bit obtuse to the psychology of the socialist upheaval—but he remains readable and amusing even where he is dense. "We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt," says Macaulay, with somewhat elephantine benevolence, in the lead-off to one of his essays. Well, *we* have a kindness for the O'Flaherty. In his introductory chapter he struts a little—but we would rather have him strut than point (like Mr. Chevy Slyme in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and H. G. Wells in his guinea-shovelling days) to the sneaking quarter of the moral compass. This is how he does his strutting:

"On the evening of April 23rd, 1930, I set out for Moscow on a Soviet ship, in order to collect material for a book on Bolshevism. It pains me to admit it, but it is the truth. I set out to join the great horde of scoundrels, duffers, and liars who have been flooding the book markets of the world for the past ten years with books about the Bolsheviks.

"Nowadays, owing to the growth of democracy and the machine, the profession of literature has ceased to be an art. It is an industry. Literary men, if they must eat by their work, are forced to watch the market and pander to the tastes of the public, just like any other class of manufacturers. Just as clothiers make green cloth, or blue cloth . . . in accordance with the change of fashion, so must novelists write about sex or adventure or the Yellow Peril or psychoanalysis. At the moment, two kinds of books are in fashion, autobiographies and books about the Bolsheviks. I refrained from writing an autobiography as long as I could. At last I was forced by hunger to do so. Immediately afterwards I realized that I had to scavenge among the Bolsheviks or starve a little later. So I set out for Moscow with black anger in my heart against the whole of human society, which has become so corrupt and democratic and indifferent to art."

That defiant overture to his book is merely the Irish way of trying to regain one's self-possession, after a unique, an overwhelming experience. To cross over the border of a Baltic state into Soviet Russia, is to pass from the twentieth century into a crude outline of the twenty-first. To carry the turbulences and muddled vistas of insurrectionary Dublin to purposeful and sober Moscow, is like stepping from the Stygian darkness of a prison-cooler into the intolerable brilliance of a sunny noonday. To talk to the Russians of the great Reconstruction is almost like conversing with disembodied spirits—their present of famine, fear, and savage faction is all but completely dissolved in their perspective of a glorious future. Such glimpses of other worlds than ours may well confound even a bould, bould lad from the banks of the Liffey, causing him to introduce his account with a gesture of swagger.

Considered as a fascicle of information about the new Russia, the book cannot stand comparison with such classical performances as the summaries of Anna Louise Strong, John Reed, and Dr. Max Hodann. O'Flaherty is under no delusion regarding the informative value of his book. "It is no use showing me the city (Leningrad) in detail and giving me figures and facts. I could see nothing and learn nothing. I know merely by intuition. I feel essences." The avowal should keep no one from reading "I Went to Russia." He really *did* feel the true essence of the new commonwealth, and he succeeds in transmitting his feeling to others. There are moments when he achieves brilliant critical generalizations. And if there are others when his Hibernian lights go out, his lucidities are more numerous than his lapses into

Illustration for "Ivan the Fool and Other Tales," by Tolstoy (Oxford University Press)

denseness, and the book is herewith commended to all readers.

Religious Fathers

FOUNDERS OF GREAT RELIGIONS. Being Personal Sketches of the Famous Leaders. By MILLAR BURROWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.

THE modest subtitle hardly does justice to this excellent volume. Besides giving, in an interesting manner, what is known about the lives of the nine founders of religions whom he considers—Lao-tze, Confucius, Mahavira, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mohammed, Nanak, and Jesus—Professor Burrows makes in every case an illuminating study of the historical background and a clear analysis of the main principles of each of the religions. Particularly praiseworthy is his avoidance of the temptation to trace some fictitious principle of development running through all these religions and culminating, say, in Christianity. About the only common element which he finds in them is the recognition of transcendental sanctions for morality. All of them agree that it is possible for man to rise above his phenomenal experience and get in some sort of communion with an ultimate reality whose nature is reflected in the living of a good life on earth. But there is hopeless disagreement as to whether this ultimate reality is to be conceived as personal or impersonal, whether the good life consists in social service or in withdrawal, and whether it has a sequel in another life and, if so, of what character the sequel may be. It is a decidedly pluralistic world into which Professor Burrows takes one. The result might be mere confusion were it not for the clarity of the presentation which leaves in one's mind a series of distinct patterns.

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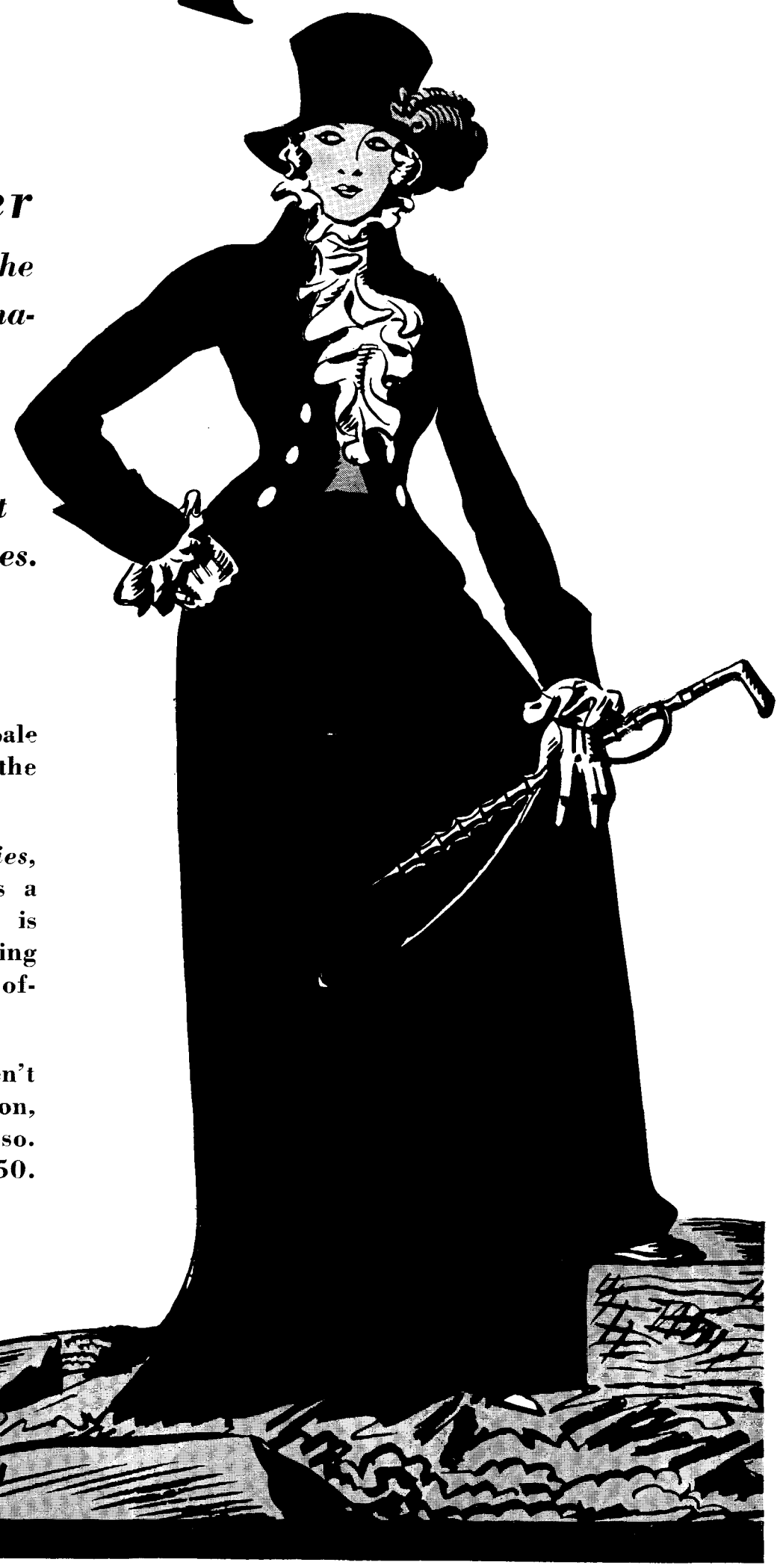

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The PHŒNIX NEST

HARPER & BROTHERS have just published *H. M. Tomlinson's* book on *Norman Douglas* whom he declares a man impossible to label. On page 72 *et seq.*, we find this description which seems to us a shrewd examination of Douglas as a writer:

> There are no stylistic flourishes in his prose. It is almost entirely colloquial, the communication of a narrator who is familiar with your capacity and his own; he keeps tactfully within measure. He enjoys telling you this; he never doubts your intelligence, but tries it; he is sure you will be risible, and that you will know what value to give to his extravagance when he is denouncing picturesquely a fond faith you hold. He has no tricks but only the idiosyncrasies of an original man, good-natured and humorous, of whom you will learn nothing but what he chooses to disclose. He has the sudden reticences of a gentleman who has appeared to be open and intimate. He has said enough.

Two sprightly volumes of Horace Liveright's fall list give promise of a good deal of amusement, these are "Broccoli and Old Lace" by *Frank Sullivan*, and "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes," by *Will Cuppy*. Sullivan's years of philosophizing, including all the time he spent in a taxi endeavoring to get somewhere, and Cuppy's encyclopædic knowledge of natural history, both nearly drive one crazy. Both writers are true products of the delirium of Manhattan, despite the fact that Cuppy spends as much time away from it as a professional hermit as he possibly can and that Sullivan has for years been regularly going over to the Grand Central trying to get a train out of New York. He has always failed himself at the last moment. . . .

Next month will see the publication of a new novel by *Nancy Hoyt*, "Constant Hot Water." Doubleday, Doran are bringing it out. The prospectus of it sounds lively. Her former "Cupboard Love" was an extraordinarily clever picture of young Park Avenue married people. The scene of the new book is London. . . .

We wish to thank *Louise Morgan* who writes for *Everyman* in London for sending us a copy of a small but interesting book, "Writers at Work," published recently by Chatto & Windus, in which she talks of *Yeats, Aldington, Sinclair Lewis, Sylvia Townsend Warner*, and others or rather, they talk to her, for these are a series of concise interviews. But Miss Morgan has such a curiously friendly spirit and so apparently accurate a recollection, that even starting with a stereotyped set of questions to feed to the lions she managed to elicit most readable reminiscences. . . .

The Modern Library has developed a new idea in a new series of "giant" volumes. The "giant" format has been designed to permit their publication in one compact volume complete and unabridged. The first of the Giants to be issued are *Tolstoy's* "War and Peace," *Boswell's* life of *Samuel Johnson*, and *Victor Hugo's* "Les Miserables." The Giants sell at one dollar a copy. . .

We heard that when *Thomas Wolfe* the novelist returned from Europe some time ago his new novel had reached the length of 350,000 words. He then went up to an island off the coast of Maine and did more work on it until the count swelled to 500,000 words. Just what the latest count is we don't know! . . .

We hear that *Lady Passfield* (Mrs. Sidney Webb) has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy, and believe she is the first woman to be so honored. . . .

Sara Teasdale, the well-known poet, who is preparing a biographical sketch of *Christina Rossetti*, would be glad to hear from anyone who knew Miss Rossetti personally, or anyone who has unpublished letters of general interest from her. Miss Teasdale may be reached in care of The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . .

We desire to make a correction. Back in July we mentioned an experiment in children's reading undertaken by the Wallace Publishing Company. This was a pamphlet called "Books to Read in Upper Grades," compiled by *Clare McPhee*. Unfortunately we gave the address of the Wallace Company as Lincoln, Nebraska, instead of Des Moines, Iowa, which latter is correct. . . .

We apologize for delay in making still another correction. *Archibald Henderson* writes us thus from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill:

> I believe I am correct in stating—although the issue is at the moment not before me—that you said: ". . . with a new edition of Archibald Henderson's biography of him (Shaw) in the offing. . ." You will do me a genuine favor if you will correct this. The book to be issued in the early autumn by D. Appleton & Co. is not a new edition of "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Work) (1911). It is a brand-new work, of an exhaustive character, in two volumes, dealing with Shaw in every aspect and treating of his life and career entire (1856-1931), a memorial biography in celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. It will appear soon as a serial in world-syndication, and somewhat later in book-form. The manuscript is now passing through Mr. Shaw's hands and being revised by him. (Mr. Henderson wrote the end of August.) I enclose an announcement of the book. The new work, which purports to be definitive, so far as a biography of a living person can be, will be entitled "Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet." . . .

About Columbus Day the Viking Press celebrated the discovery of America with the publication of "Christopher Columbus and Other Patriotic Verses," by *Franklin P. Adams* (F. P. A.). This is the first of this popular columnist's books to appear on the Viking list, and it contains several American biographical poems done in the best patriotic tradition. . . .

A third Dodd, Mead—*Pictorial Review* First Novel competition is announced for 1931-32, open to all American and Canadian authors who have not had a novel published previously. The award is $10,000, plus royalties, and the closing date of the contest has been set for July 1, 1932. For full particulars regarding this third contest, inquiries should be addressed to Dodd, Mead & Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, or *Pictorial Review*, 223 West 39th Street, New York City. . . .

G. F. Bradby, in "Parody and Dust Shot," a book of light verse that will soon be issued by the Oxford University Press, has the following amusing treatment of a famous lyric by *William Butler Yeats:*

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisville,
And a small villa build there of reinforced concrete,
Two chimneys will I have there, a ledge by the window-sill,
And sit and look on a tree-lined street.

And I will have a car there, for cars are going cheap,
Popping when it starts in the morning with second-hand springs.
And a gramophone and records to sing my soul to sleep
With music full of jazz-like things.

I will arise and go now, for every holiday
I long for a little villa—or else a bungalow—
A furlong from the golf-links, and near the King's highway
Where all the crimson buses go.

Malcolm Cowley's articles, a series of five, which began in the *New Republic* on September seventeenth, are most interestingly descriptive of how a young American literary man returned to America after a certain sojourn in France after the war, and how, as a representative of the younger literary generation he attempted to fashion an artistic career in this country. This series should be a valuable contribution to the history of contemporary American literature. . . .

Robert E. Sherwood has just seen his first novel. "The Virtuous Knight," published by Scribners, the motion picture of his play, "Waterloo Bridge," on Broadway, and rehearsals begin for the Theatre Guild production of his forthcoming play, "Reunion in Vienna," in which *Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Helen Westley, Henry Travers*, and other Guild actors will appear. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

BOOKS WE RECOMMEND

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"The Anatomy"

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $7.50.

THE first volume of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's *omnium-gatherum* was issued in the late winter, and now we have the second volume, completing the set. The work then seemed an amazing performance, and the present book confirms that impression. The plan has been to collect from all possible literary sources the comments of book-lovers, book-haters, and book-collectors (who may be either or both) on their loves and hates—books. Under numerous headings (adapted from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," whence indeed the whole idea was confessedly borrowed) these comments on books are gathered together like beads on a string—the string of the author's archaic and erudite quasi-narrative.

The present volume treats of the care and borrowing of books, book hunting, bookworms (the legless kind, not the two-legged), of the symptoms, causes, and cure of bibliomania, the five ports of book love, and finally of bibliophily triumphant. These titles give but a hint of the manifold riches of the book, strewn as it is with comment and observation and allusion in reckless profusion.

Part XVIII deals with The Caparisoning of Books, which is to say their bindings. But nowhere in the two volumes does the author speak of the typographic dress of books! This seems the more remarkable because Mr. Jackson is at home with type, and has written at some length about printers. It may be that the subject is too vast and too minute for the cursory attention possible in a chapter—but type is a relatively important part of the printed book! If the book is an inherently ugly thing—and that is a thesis fairly easy to uphold—at least some books are more comely than others by reason of their type dress.

One can hardly quote from a book of quotations so full of pith as this one; one must needs read at the volumes to get their flavor. And no better books for such casual reading have come to hand for many years.

There is an index in two parts in the second volume, though it is not too satisfactory. The index is divided into two parts, with no very clear or logical reason for so doing, and with added complication for the user. But more serious is the lack of a subject-index, which would have been invaluable. Nevertheless here are two volumes which can hardly be omitted from any book lover's library. R.

The Colophon

THE COLOPHON, Part VII. New York: 1931.

THE COLOPHON has established a place for itself amongst American publications, and while one may at times feel uneasy over a little preciosity—a little too amateurish editing—a little too much freedom in the printing—yet one greets each new part with pleasure, and shelves it after entertainment in the reading. It is one of the few productions of a chaotic era which justifies its lack of form (if one may so designate its pot-pourri of typographic styles); a justification achieved through the general sanity of its printed sections taken by themselves. This sanity is what one might have predicted of an American journal, even if at first the idea of assembling the work of different printers into one cover may have seemed novel. The American printer is hopelessly conservative in his work—and that it is well that he is becomes evident when he attempts the "modern." They order those things differently in France—but not very successfuly, as almost any contemporary French periodical will prove!

For instance, of the various typographical contributions to this issue—from well-known printers like Pynson, Marchbanks, Walpole, Golden Cockerel, and others less well known—one only has even the slightest hint of "modernism." All might have been done exactly the same if Sans-serif type had never been rediscovered, Rudolph Koch never worked, or the French "aberrationists" never cultivated the poisonous "Jardin du Bibliophile." That one exception is Mr. Dwiggins's fitting treatment of Cabell's "Recipe for Writers." And if anyone in America can justify modernism it is Mr. Dwiggins, whose genius has evolved out of the tendencies of modern artistic license a style which is fresh, individual, unique. So much for the typography of this issue: it is sane, decorous, and readable, set in good type and adequately printed.

The list of essays and of authors is excellent. There is an article on the Golden Cockerel Press by its present proprietor, Robert Gibbings, "Thoughts on Half Titles," by the scholarly secretary to the Delegates of the Oxford University Press, R. W. Chapman, Mr. Cabell's "Recipe for Writers." Bibliographical items are contributed by Vincent Starrett on Stephen Crane, by Mrs. Livingston on Kipling, by Frederick Strecker on Mary Jemison, by George S. Hellman on Stevenson, and by a facsimile reproduction of a forgotten item of George Bernard Shaw's. There is also an article on the Rare Book Collection in the Library of Congress by Mr. Parma, an essay on Lost Books by David A. Randall, a wood engraving by Thomas Nason, and an autobiographical account by Dard Hunter, illustrated with a photogravure, of the old mill at Marlboro-on-Hudson.

The cover design is less striking than some which have gone before, but excellent in design. Altogether the present number of the *Colophon* lives up to the standards set hitherto, and it cannot be missed by book lovers and printers.

R.

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The University of Chicago Press

R. C. Sheriff, author of "Journey's End," is completing a novel. It is to be entitled "Fortnight in September," and has nothing to do with war.

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(quite remarkably hodiernal) which tedious Old Quercus mentioned here 3 Saturdays ago but didn't have space to quote:—

"It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, essay on GIFTS

If Emerson were here now, he would certainly be a subscriber to the SATURDAY REVIEW, and it might solve his puzzle. There are many delightful people who have never even heard of this modest magazine, and who would welcome it with most agreeable surprise.

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 215)

again, this time coming back to novels written in English. And we're going to reel off their titles in a manner to show that we can stick to our resolution of no comment by the way when the situation absolutely demands it. (It is well past midnight with proofs still to be corrected before morning breaks, so you can see we cannot stand upon the order of our enumeration.) Well, here's our list, and some of the most interesting novels of the season's grist are among them. You can recognize the worth of many of them by the names of their authors. Here they are, a goodly array: "A White Bird Flying" (Appleton), by Bess Streeter Aldrich; "Old ,Philadelphia" (Appleton), by George Gibbs, really four slim volumes; "Unfinished Business" (Bobbs-Merrill), by John Erskine; "Calendar of Sin" (Cape-Smith), by Evelyn Scott; "Pan's Parish" (Century), by Louise Redfield Peattie; "Firemakers" (Coward-McCann), by Rollo Walter Brown; "S. S. San Pedro" (Harcourt, Brace), by James Gould Cozzens; "The Almond Tree" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Grace Zaring Stone; "Two People" (Dutton), by A. A. Milne; "Red-Headed Woman" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Katharine Brush, and "Sand in My Shoes" (Brewer, Waren & Putnam), by Katherine Ripley.

We haven's forgotten Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock" (Knopf), but we're not quite sure whether it ought to be regarded as a late summer or an early autumn book. At any rate, this tale of Quebec in its early years will still be eminently worth reading at Christmas and long after Christmas is past, too.

An insuperable difficulty confronts us. We have reached the end of our space, and with a great part of our list unrecorded. Why, we haven't even mentioned such books as "The Lady Who Came to Stay" (Knopf), by R. E. Spencer, and "Silver Ley" (Dodd, Mead), by Adrian Bell, a chronicle of English farming life; Henry Williamson's "A Dream of Fair Women" (Dutton), and Sheila Kaye Smith's "Susan Spray" (Harpers); Naomi Royde Smith's "The Delicate Situation" (Harpers) and Francis Brett Young's "Marriage of Susan Lorimer" (Harpers), or any short stories, or any mystery tales. Alas, there are the lists of some of the publishers we haven't even got around to yet. There 's nothing for it but a continuation of this survey next week. Like the child who leaves the most delectable morsels for the last, we're saving some of our best titles for the coming issue. "And so to bed."

The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continuous from page* 217)

RANDOM RHYMES OF A LIFETIME. By *H. W. Sage*. Privately printed.
FATHER. By *Margery Doud* and *Cleo M. Parsley*. Dutton. $2.50.
A MANTHOLOGY. By *Robert Haven Schauffler*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
MINISTRY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. By *Sir Walter Scott*. Crowell. $5.
CUM GRANO. By *Henry S. Salt*. Berkeley Heights, N. J. Oriole Press. $3.
HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE. By *Henry K. Rowe*. Macmillan. $4.
THE PILGRIMAGE OF FAITH. By *Douglas Clyde MacIntosh*. Longmans, Green. $1.
HAWAII AND THE SOUTH SEAS. By *Elizabeth Walker* and *Jeanette Spiess*. Coward-McCann. $3.
TALES OF TAHITIAN WATERS. By *Jane Grey*. Harpers. $7.50.
FAR HORIZONS. By *Alice Curtis Desmond*. McBride.
THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES NAGEL. By *Otto Heller*. Putnam. 2 vols. $7.50.
LEGENDS OF VIRGINIA. By *Helena Lefroy Caperton*. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. $2.
THE DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN. By *Kenneth Scott Latourette*. Macmillan. $2.
EDUCATION IN CHURCH MUSIC. By *Karl Pomeroy Harrington*. Century. $2.
FOURSCORE YEARS. By *Rosalind A. Keep*. Mills College, Calif.
THE UNITED STATES AND DISARMAMENT. By *Benjamin H. Williams*. McGraw-Hill. $3.50.
OL' RUM RIVER. By *Col. Ira L. Reeves*. Rockwell. $2.50.
THE CULTURE CONTACTS OF TKE UNITED STATES AND CHINA. By *George H. Danton*. Columbia University Press. $2.
THROUGH THE LICH-GATE. By *Ishbel Ross*. Payson.
NIGHTLIFE. By *Charles G. Shaw*. Day. $2.50.
THE KITÁB-I-IQUÁN. By *Bahá u' Llah*. Translated by *Lhogi Effendi*. Bahá'i Publishing Committee. Box 348 Grand Central Station, New York City.
ELEMENTS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING. By *Ruth Bryan Owen*. Liveright. $2.
WHAT PRICE JURY TRIALS? By *Irvin Stalmaster*. Stratford. $2.
THE BLACK DEATH AND MEN OF LEARNING. By *Anna Montgomery Campbell*. Columbia University Press. $3.
THE HEALING OF SOULS. By *McIlyar Hamilton Lichliter*. Abingdon. $1.50.
PRISONS OF TOMORROW OF TOMORROW. Edited by *E. H. Sutherland* and *Thorston Selten*. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Poetry

THE VISION OF DANTE (THE DIVINE COMEDY). Translated by H. F. CARY. Florence: G. Fattorusso. 1931

Signore Fattorusso in his latest edition of Dante's masterpiece has effected a *tour de force*. He has taken the best and most standard of all English translations, embellished it with reproductions from the work of Breughel, Murillo, Corregio, Donatello, Giotto, Leonardo, Stradano, and a host of lesser illustrators, and permitted his printers to select the best paper and the handsomest font available. His book, if nothing else, is a complete contrast to the small and poorly printed first English edition in 1814, of which Cary himself afterwards wrote that it was "in so small a charactetr as to deter a numerous class of readers from perusing it." Fortunately Coleridge was not deterred, and his wholehearted praise soon established Cary's name as the one superb and adequate translator of "La Divina Commedia." Even the fact that the ambitious translator dared to call his work "The Vision" instead of using the title hallowed by tradition failed to hurt his ultimate success.

The merits of Cary grow by comparison with other attempts to render Dante into foreign tongues. The faithful French translation of Hyacinthe Vinson, while it reproduced the *terza rima*, is from that very fact perhaps too hard and abrupt. Leigh Hunt's paraphrase of the whole poem is a disappointment, however delightful his separate "Rimini" may be. Longfellow's version yields to Cary's in both depth and dignity. S. Fattorusso has been wise to retain Cary's notes, which throw a wealth of light upon Dante's theme. The rare charm of this new edition, however, is its wealth of illustration. Nearly nine hundred pictures accompany the text. Many of those which attempt allegorical flights fail to leave the ground. Others are admirable. Beside sketches by Titian and Veronese are reproduced many Alinari photographs of Italian scenes as they appear today, nearly eight centuries after Dante wrote of them. The text could have no more perfect commentary.

MUD AND STARS. By DOROTHEA YORK. Holt. 1931. $2.50.

An elaborate collection of war songs actually sung by the Americans, British, and Australians in the war. Some have the real folk-song quality, but most are imitative and literary up to the point of being really literature.

Travel

CONDUCTED TOUR. By GIL MEYNIER. Chicago: Rockwell. 1931. $2.

Gil Meynier's very pleasant book dealing with the oddities of Americans a-touring is likely to suffer the misfortune of its subtleties. It is not, heaven be praised, a scream. Nor is it, heaven forfend, a eulogy. Mr. Meynier's characters are probable human beings who show the flock instinct, or they would not be "conducted" through Europe, but who show, also, sharp traits of individuality and become, through the recording hand of the conductor of the tour, deserving of both laughter and commiseration. It is touch and go with the party, a *de luxe* one, past Oxford, the Shakespeare country, London, Paris, Fontainebleau, the Châteaux region, the Riviera, the high points of Italy, and ultimately the Rhine. Bits of tourist information creep into the story and will endear it to the about-to-travel contingent, but its quiet philosophy, its sly comments on people, and its unblatant humor make it an acceptable companion for any idle hour. The drawings by Irma Selz are amusing in themselves and portray Mr. Meynier's innocents abroad revealingly enough.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, *c/o The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Hornell, New York, and clubs in several other cities ask for advice in the choice of novels for reading clubs in which fiction is circulated and discussed.

I CHOOSE this club to stand for all because it has been functioning for several years on a system so simple and effective that sometime they really must describe it in this column. They ask me to go on from the recent list in which for once I rashly recommended books I was going to read; they added to that "The Delicate Situation," which had proved uncommonly popular with this group.

Swinging round the map of the United States from the starting point of our young geographies, the upper right-hand corner, we have "Slow Smoke," by Charles Malam (Farrar & Rinehart) for a Vermont novel; it stands the test of reading on its own soil. Dorothy Canfield's latest book has left this state for the Pyrenees, but her stories in "Basque People" (Harcourt, Brace) about all ancient hill-people, indigenous, unapologetic, self-contained, show Basques seen by one who understands an unapologetic, self-contained hill-people. New York appears in Katharine Brush's "Red-headed Woman" (Farrar & Rinehart), a novel bound to be popular—as a candle attracting the moths, or rather, an electric light drawing bats. The Deep South comes up gloriously with Roark Bradford's tremendous "John Henry" (Harper). William Faulkner's short stories "These Thirteen" (Cape-Smith) reach neither the depths nor the heights of "Sanctuary" but have their own share of pity and terror. "Thursday April," by Alberta Pierson Hannum (Harper), is the story of a hill-woman, an unusually promising first novel, alive and invigorating. "The Firemakers," by Rollo Walter Brown (Coward-McCann), is in Southern Ohio, one of the most convincing wide-range pictures of coal-mining life that I have seen, with a man and woman trying to get away and at last drawn back. "Grapes of Canaan," by Elma Ehrlich Levinger (Stratford), is a clear-sighted and entertaining story of Jewish family life; it won the $2,000 Stratford Prize.

It may be noted that an unusually large proportion of the year's regional novels come from Ohio; as that state is the present week-end headquarters of the Reader's Guide, I have been gathering in the novels that express this part of the country this year, and pass on the word to watch Ohio, now and for some years to come: there is something going on in regional literature in this section.

Also there is something going on in historical fiction of the type that restores to the reader of today something of the epic sweep of his region's not-so-distant past. How far from distant it sometimes is I felt in the successor—rather the sequel—of Bess Streeter Aldrich's deservedly popular "A Lantern in Her Hand" (Appleton), "A White Bird Flying" (Appleton), in which the strong brew of pioneer spirit has been two generations thinned in the story of the granddaughter of Abbie Deal. There is a scene in which she bends reverentially to read the inscription on a tree brought to a now-famous mansion in Nebraska all of fifty years ago; it makes me squirm to think that I was in the world when that prehistoric relic was planted. "A White Bird Flying" ends with at least a program for present-day agricultural pioneering; I find more reason for recommending it to readers who wish to know their country at the present time than for telling them to consult several more pretentious works. "All Ye People," by Merle Colby (Viking), is one of those at present particularly valuable novels that enlighten the inland American of today by showing him the steps of the journeys his forefathers made. In this case it involves actual home-moving, starting in 1810, when John Bray leaves Northern Vermont for Ohio on a sweeping curve that takes him in time through what was then the West into the South. Honoré Willsie Morrow has told Webster's love-story and something of his political life in "Black Daniel" (Morrow).

One of the most engaging features of recent fiction, American and English, is the sharp and steady rise in the age of heroines. The age-limit on leading ladies has, of course, been steadily going up since the English novel began: Richardson's "Pamela" was fifteen, so resourceful for her years that she could hold off a seducer with one hand and write a letter with another; Fanny Burney's "Evelina" was seventeen when she made her memorable visit to London; by Jane Austen's day it had already risen to the early twenties of Elizabeth Bennet, while the very centre of her loveliest novel, "Persuasion," lies in the fact that Anne Eliot is within eye-shot of the withered age of twenty-nine, when a heroine dropped off forever from the tree of romance. Balzac exploited the woman of thirty, and so ages went on upward, but for some time not really with a difference. The ladies, young or less young in years, were all heeding Herrick's famous advice to maidens that they take heed of time—"And while ye may, go marry"; the only significant difference was that the open season for rosebud-gathering was being extended. But for all the beauty parlors in creation it cannot be indefinitely extended; a heroine whose sole, or even chief, interest in life is the gathering of rosebuds must come to a season when she is going to have a pretty thin time. The real change came when heroines were permitted to recognize that there were other avocations open. To keep to horticulture—as perhaps the safest handling of a delicate subject—there are other flowers in life to be gathered; there are even dahlias, to be gloriously garnered just before the frost. Everyone recalls Susan Ertz's "Madam Claire"; this year Elizabeth Corbett has a surprisingly spry lady in "Young Mrs. Meigs" (Century), who comes on the first page at the edge of her eightieth birthday and is left on the last, some two weeks later, in triumphant possession of her own home, her own housekeeper, and her own soul, in spite of the kind attention of a family that wants her to give up all three. The dominating personality of George Davis's admirable "The Opening of a Door" (Harper) is a woman in her eighties, and to make the matter somewhat more difficult, with her memory almost gone—though to be sure, losing her mind has evidently much improved her temper. I shall be on the watch for anything further that Mr. Davis may do. By this time every one knows the old lady of Mazo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks of Jalna" series, of which the latest is "Finch's Fortune" (Little, Brown); it seems to be as popular as the others.

But the best and most beloved of all these heroines is also the oldest, the eighty-eight-year-old widow of a former Viceroy of India and Prime Minister of England to be found—and treasured—in V. Sackville-West's "All Passion Spent" (Doubleday, Doran). The genuine appeal of this novel to the general reader in the United States has a meaning that no student of our state of mind this year can afford to overlook. It is not, as some hurried critics seem to think, a respect based on the social and historical importance of the author's family. It comes from the longing, in the midst of a world of wants, for that state which Stuart Chase in "Mexico" (Macmillan) so well describes as "wantlessness." I have talked with readers from Montreal to Marietta and in points East and West of both these centers about this book, and every one has spoken of the scene in which she pushes the jewels quietly away, much as toward the last of packing for a move, one refuses to go on with tying up bundles and turns over the rest of the lot to the janitor. Here is a great lady packing for her last move: she cannot be bothered with junk. The point of the book is that it makes one think what is and is not the junk among our furniture. For sheer pleasure, there is A. A. Milne's "Two People" (Dutton), ideal for quiet, happy reading, and for continuous comfort I choose "Albert Grope," by F. O. Mann (Harcourt, Brace).

"The Scented Garden," by Eleanor Sinclair Rohde, an English book praised in this column and asked about by would-be readers, is on the Fall list of Hale, Cushman & Flint. It approaches the garden by following the nose and preserves it even in winter with conserves and essences.

E. P., New York, asks for books for developing one's game of chess after the elements have been learned. There are two small new books, both published by McKay: Znosko-Borovsky's "How Not to Play Chess," and "Modern Chess," by B. F. Winkelman. *H. G., Albany, N. Y.*, asks for a bride's cook-book. Janet McK. Hill's "Cooking for Two" (Little, Brown) has long held that position: it has just been issued in a revised edition. *M. L., Trenton, N. J., asks which is the best book about Gandhi.* I should say—and Gandhi enthusiasts seem to agree with me—that the most direct approach is through "Mahatma Gandhi's Own Story" (Macmillan). This has just been continued by "Gandhi at Work" (Macmillan). Neither of these gives an all-round view of the situation, but through them one sees Gandhi's personality and position.

S. M. A., Macon, Georgia, asks for a book that will give an acount of healing as practised by the Early Christian Church. I consulted William Walter Rockwell of Union Theological Seminary, who says that there is no good book in English devoted entirely to this subject. The latest treatment of the earliest phase is "Die Krankheit im Neuen Testament, eine religions- and medizingeschichtliche Untersuchung," by Friedrich Fenner (Leipzig, Hinrichs, 1930; Untersuchung zum Neuen Testament, Heft 18). A work that might interest this reader is George Barton Cutten's "Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing" (Scribner, 1911). His colleague, Professor James Moffatt, thinks that J. R. Pridie's "The Church's Ministry of Healing" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) will be helpful.

M. B. Opelika, Ala., adds to the lost of English school novels "Fortitude," by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday), for its small but very clearly etched picture of a school. *D. A. F., Baltimore, Md.*, tells the gourd collector not to overlook the Haitian money unit, which is the gourd, and its origin as told in "Black Majesty," by Vandercook. By the way, I did not really mean Job to stand out in full capitals as he did in that reply: I was afraid my handwriting, which I was using for the introductory note, might not be clear, so I printed Job's name, and it came out in type like a blast on the key-bugle. And *L .H., New York*, says: "With reference to works about Bali, please do not forget 'Artist Adventures on the Island of Bali,' by Franklin Price Knott, published in the March 1928 issue of the National Geographic Magazine. It has sixteen pages of beautiful colored illustrations, more than any other book published about that Island."

A COUPLE of years ago a small body of researchers interested in the early history of the great Southwest organized the Quivira Society for the purpose of publishing, for its members only, translations of Spanish documents pertaining to their chosen field. The first volume to appear was the "Expedition into New Mexico Made by Antonio de Espejo, 1582-1583, as Revealed in the Journal of Diego Pérez de Luxán, a Member of the Party," translated, with introduction and notes, by Dr. George P. Hammond and Dr. Agapito Rey. Espejo's own account of the expedition has long been known but the Luxán journal, which is vastly more explicit, came to light in the Spanish archives at Sevilla only a few years ago and therefore appeared in print for the first time under the ægis of the Quivira Society.

The second volume of the Publications of the Society is shortly to appear—a translation of Father Sigismundo Taraval's famous manuscript "Journal of the Indian Uprising in Lower California in 1734-1737," one of the great upheavals in the history of the peninsula during the seventy-one years of Jesuit rule. The translation and editing are the work of Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, who will be remembered especially as the editor of Miguel Venega's "Juan María de Salvatierra," Cleveland, 1929.

The managing editor of the Quivira Society is Dr. George P. Hammond of the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, who announces that Volume III will be a translation of Captain Gaspar de Villagrá's "Historica de la Nueva Mexico," printed at Alcalá in 1610. Yes, New Mexico really had a published history a decade before the landing of the Pilgrims on the other side of the continent!

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Foreign Literature

CROSS CURRENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY OR THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT, THEIR ACTIONS AND REACTIONS. By H. J. C. GRIERSON. London: Chatto & Windus. 1931.

Reviewed by DONALD A. ROBERTS
College of the City of New York

IT has often been suggested that, in the days when His Majesty had lately returned, the rowdy audiences, gathered to disdain the latest offerings of the King's or Duke's Company, found the heroic plays of Dryden and Lee exhilarating chiefly because the impassioned heroes and heroines strutted in exotic or antique costumes. Had these automatons of love and honor dressed like My Lord Rochester or My Lady Castlemain it would have been altogether too uncomfortable, indeed quite impossible, to believe that a liberated and enlightened generation could experience emotions conducive to such harrowing action. Butler and his lesser followers had laughed away the fury of Prynne and the solemn terror of Taylor; and now the age feared to acknowledge what, in the depths of its spirit, it feared to believe.

Has not the inevitable wheel spun round, again to cast man's spirit on the same sombre cloth? How else explain the uneasy charm the seventeenth century casts upon the lovers of letters in this bleak time of disillusionment? An age that cared to justify the ways of God to men, that sang of Heaven and hoped to have it, that had a sin of fear that at the end God's Son would not shine, that could hope for days that would not be only dull and hoary, mere glimmerings and decays; an age, in brief, that apprehended frustration only in sin holds for this generation the fascination of that peace whose name is also rapture.

Without suggesting that Professor Grierson's copious learning has sprung from a sense of mere timeliness, one may assert that he has given expression to a widespread, contemporary interest. He has interpreted and fashioned into a loose system a vast amount of knowledge and understanding, not a little of which his distinguished predecessor at the University of Edinburgh gathered or created. For, as its title indicates, his volume in no sense is intended to be a history of seventeenth century literature or thought. It rests upon and supplements but does not replace such a work.

Professor Grierson proposes, at once, the existence of an essential conflict implicit in all Christian art. Using almost as a text the remark of John Foster: "What is denominated Polite Literature . . . is . . . hostile to the religion of Christ . . . " he develops the idea of conflict by reference to all the thought currents of the seventeenth century; uses as his examples the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, and reaches the conclusion, stated briefly and almost entirely in another's words, that Foster stands unshaken. The conflicting forces, humanism and Puritanism, remain at grips in the souls of men, and will so remain forever. He believes that, in spite of their passionate desire to fuse the tolerant eclecticism of the humanists and the fanatic single-mindedness of the Puritans into a unified philosophy of life, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton failed in varying degrees; Spenser and Milton because they forsook the world for the spirit; Shakespeare because he loved, or perhaps revealed, the spirit less than he loved and revealed the world; and Dryden because he had not faith enough to believe in either flesh or spirit.

Dr. Grierson considers Spenser the last great poet of the "rose tradition," one in whom the medieval love theme suffered blight under the gray breath of Cartwrights's Puritanism. In his view Spenser failed in his purpose to unite the spirit of the Renaissance with that of the Reformation; he was a poet who had "accesses of pious feeling," rather than "a great religious poet" like Dante. One may justly question the fairness of the author's dicta in view of Spenser's explicit statement, in the letter to Raleigh, of a distinct Renaissance purpose; namely, the making of a poetic version of Castiglione, in terms of an ancient fable.

By quoting Emerson's curiously obtuse comment that "Milton was the poet of the restrictive virtues" Professor Grierson indicates an unfortunate approach to the author of "Areopagitica." In actual fact he lays upon him the whole weight of his own restrictive definition of Puritanism. It is indisputable that Milton came more and more to care for the ecclesiastical and political ends he had sought since 1640, but it is unfair to state that because in "Paradise Regained" a speech, put into the mouth of Christ, condemns the Greek philosophers, Milton had ceased to be a Christian humanist. It is not reasonable to expect that any Christian, as deep in his faith as Milton certainly was, would experience a moment's doubt of the essential inferiority of Plato to Christ. Even in the house of Pico de Mirandola the image of Plato did not replace, it merely enriched the meaning of the Crucifix. For many years Milton gave himself so wholeheartedly to life that art lost for him the fulness of its early charm. He believed himself a prophet—in not a few ways he did see beyond the horizon—and no prophet can cease war with those forces and men that stand most clearly in the way of his vision. The ideas that gave fibre to Milton's faith were the product of the Reformation, ideas that raised man to a new dignity in his will to be free in body, in mind, and, above all, in spirit.

However just in part the judgments of Spenser and Milton may seem to some readers, the treatment of Shakespeare will remain most mysterious to all who know his plays. He suffers, in Professor Grierson's opinion, when considered with Aeschylus and Sophocles, because he failed to impart religious truth to his dramas; because his tragedies show brutality, and his comedies flippancy, without, in either instance, achieving spiritual meaning. Such a criticism is doubtful. One may properly ask whether, if Professor Grierson had lifted into the text his footnote admission that the comedies are fantasies, he would not have solved much of his problem concerning this type; and whether the reference to the tragedies shows real insight.

Each of these specialized criticisms, except that of Shakespeare, becomes fully understandable only in the light of Professor Grierson's basic assumption; namely, that the Anglican polity and discipline constituted the via media. Although a high churchman like the author finds little difficulty in accepting this fundamental tenet, a more disinterested reader may ask: Which Anglican polity and discipline? Is it the system of Whitgift and Laud or that of Browne and Herbert? Is it idle to satirize Cotton Mather's remark that the Puritans went to America in order to observe Sunday as they pleased and, at the same time, forget the lengths to which Laud went in behalf of the Book of Common Prayer. Certainly if Anglicism was the via media of the seventeenth century one wonders why there were already high church and low church groups, and one wonders also, not without slight amusement, why Professor Grierson has failed to recognize that Laud and Prynne had more in common as far as their basic attitudes were concerned than Laud had with Browne or Prynne with Baxter. It is as difficult to visualize Milton smashing an organ as it is to imagine Laud praying extempore!

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

NOTES ON THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. By *Nowell Charles Smith.* Oxford University Press. $2.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH DRAMA. Compiled by *Edward D. Coleman.* New York Public Library.

THE TRADITION OF THE HOMERIC SIMILE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH POETRY. By *Harry Vinant Wann.* Terre Haute, Ind. Indiana State Teachers' Association.

MEDIEVAL STORY. By *William Witherle Lawrence.* Columbia University Press. $2.50.

FUGITIVE PAPERS. By *Russell Gordon Smith.* Columbia University Press. $1.50.

A CONSIDERATION OF THACKERAY. By *George Saintsbury.* Oxford University Press. $3.

THE GREEK VIEW OF POETRY. By *E. E. Sikes.* Dutton. $3.50.

THE TEXT OF KING LEAR. By *Madeleine Doran.* Stanford University Press.

Fiction

THE HUNDRED DAYS AND THE WOMAN AYISHA. By TALBOT MUNDY. Century. 1931. $2.50.

The central figure of these two short novels, which are here published in one volume, is a Major James Schuyler Grim, known to his intimates as Jimgrim. He is a sort of minor Lawrence of Arabia, dashing about India and the Near East, doing odd jobs by unorthodox means, but with marvelous effectiveness. His roving commission from the British government is to do the best he can without implicating those higher up, and in case of failure to take the blame. Naturally, his adventures bring him into close contact with native leaders, and he is obliged to win his successes by the use of his wits and by his familiarity with the methods and manners of the locality in which he happens to be operating. In the first story he rescues a beautiful American girl from bandits on the northern frontier of India. In the second he adjusts a dispute between two Arabian chieftains. Both stories are full of action, too full, usually, for easy reading; but there is no reason to be suspicious of his accuracy in local color or in the analysis of native character. We might wish, however, that Mr. Mundy did not talk quite so much about teamwork and playing the game and being a good sportsman. But still, all that goes well enough with the generally romantic air of the book.

FOR SALE. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Mr. Waterall had always thought that it would be ever so nice to have "a little place in the country," and one day, seduced by an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph,* he fell, and fell hard, for an abomination in Hampshire named Canadian Cottage. It was typical of Mr. Waterall's mental processes that he at once changed its name to Dream Days, much to the disgust of his young sons, who were accustomed to wonder plaintively "why chaps' paters have to be such asses." Misadventures began at once, and these make up the body of the story, which is presented by Mr. Mackenzie in a pleasantly farcical tone. Mrs. Waterall endures these new trials patiently, and only occasionally tries to interfere for the sake of peace; the daughter, Phyllis, drives her brothers to juvenile despair by her sweet girlishness; the neighbors are all slightly lunatic; and almost every effort to improve and civilize Dream Days results in a nearer approach to comic chaos.

There is only one character in the book that is consistently amusing: a Mr. Ryan, who is persecuted by pink and lemon-yellow rats and by a man named Macintyre who is trying to steal his bungalow away from him; one memorable evening, Mr. Ryan is set upon by his furniture, and in his own words, "for a few minutes I had a hard task to hold my own." Of course Mr. Ryan, like the other characters, is a stock figure, but somehow he seems fresher than the rest. In general, "For Sale" is fair farce, now and then ascending to a point where it suggests the better moments of George A. Birmingham. But like so many other moderately humorous books, it does not hold up for long at a stretch and should be read over a period of days rather than at a single sitting.

CAIRO DAWNS. By J. LESLIE MITCHELL. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.50.

Thirteen stories in the romantic vein which, at their best, approximate the tone, if not the subject-matter, of "The Twilight of the Gods." Mr. Mitchell does not hesitate to introduce elements of the supernatural to heighten the intensity or mood of his tales. Twelve of the thirteen are narrated by the fictional Colonel Saloney, a Russian exile living in Cairo. A chance word, an incident, a memory, and he is off on a story—a well-worn device—and the stories he tells could not have taken place in any land or at any time. His characters have a psychological mechanism all their own: when they love, their love is ideal; when they hate, their hatred is venomous—though that hatred, under the magic influence of a seed dropped earlier in the tale by Mr. Mitchell, may turn to love and magnanimity.

The plots are of the slightest, and the atmosphere of Cairo (excellent as it may be) is super-added—yeast to the flimsy substance. But the style is ingratiating, there is pleasant, if not brilliant, imagery, the reader is lulled by the slow and steady swing of the prose. It is an ideal book for a tired mind. In a prefatory note Leonard Huxley relates the history of the manuscript. The stories had been consistently rejected by the popular magazines, as "too good"—"too far above the literary standard of the ordinary reader." This is unfortunately true. But there are two horns to the dilemma: if they are too good for popular consumption, they are not good enough to find a place among the best.

International

FIGHTING THE RED TRADE MENACE. By H. R. KNICKERBOCKER. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Knickerbocker's second series of articles on Russia, originally published in the New York *Evening Post,* and here gathered in book form, were an illustration of a journalistic custom as unfortunate as it is understandable. The *Post's correspondent* won the Pulitzer Prize with his first series, which, in its fresh and concrete pictures of actual accomplishments in the industrialization of Russia, really had something new and useful to say. Few foreigners had taken the trouble to visit these remote power plants, steel mills, and so on, or actually talked, on the spot, with the American technical men working on them. For once, the reader got away from the well-worn paths of Moscow, Leningrad, and the Volga, and down to brass tacks with the surfaces, at least, of the much-talked-of Five Year Plan.

The articles were jazzed in their headlines, but those familiar with newspaper practice, in the case of such special articles, and in particular with what frequently happens to articles on Russia in the hands of the demon copyreader, generally made allowance for that. Having become a prize-winner, poor Mr. Knickerbocker, suitably to "capitalize" his fame, was promptly sent out on another series, and having written first on "The Red Trade Menace" (although his first articles were much more objective and simply reportorial than that somewhat meretricious title implied) he now had to scoot about Europe showing how the "menace" was being fought.

To write to a pattern, in this fashion, is a lot less pleasant and profitable for everybody concerned than to go out and discover concrete and hitherto unpictured factories, dams, mines, etc., in the Soviet hinterland, and Mr. Knickerbocker's second series suffered accordingly. It is windy and hasty and weighted with the self-consciousness of a journalist who has just made a hit and feels under the necessity of duplicating it before he really has had time to study and digest his facts. He covers most of the European capitals and is a sufficiently wide-awake observer to see a lot that is interesting as he gallops along. Readers will do well to take these things seen for what they are worth and to wait about accepting all the implications attached to them until they know just how much of a Soviet trade "menace" there is and how much of a "fight" will be called for to meet it.

(*Continued on page* 220)

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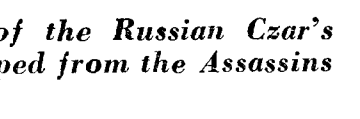

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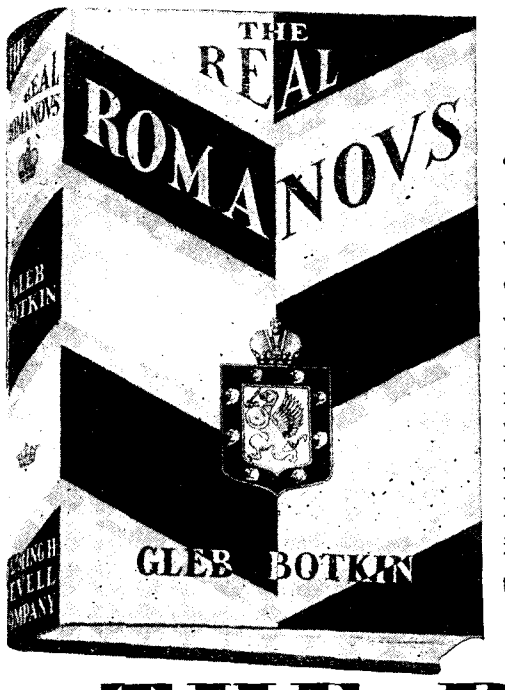

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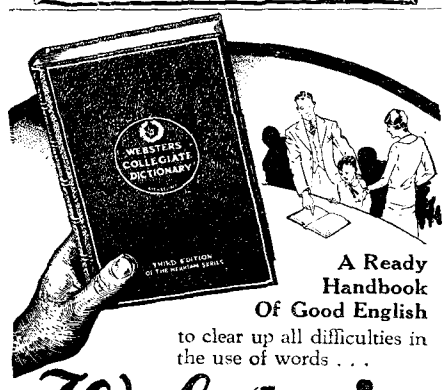

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Points of View

Casement Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Gaffney's second letter in the Casement controversy reiterates his doubts and his denunciations of Mr. Denis Gwynn's statement that Casement attempted to communicate the news of the proposed Irish insurrection to Grey and Asquith; Mr. O'Sheel's contribution is that the author is gullible, the reviewer perverse, and both are hopelessly biased and ill-informed. This reply has been delayed by my efforts to communicate with Mr. Gwynn to ascertain his sources of information.

Concerning the questioned episode Mr. Gwynn writes: "I assume that your interest in the tragic story of Roger Casement is the same as mine; and that you have no desire to prove or disprove any theory in relation to him, but are simply concerned, as I have been, to find out the truth. . . . My book gave no precise details as to the source of my statements concerning Casement's attempt to send messengers to Asquith and Grey . . . but I am now free to say that my information was supplied by Father Crotty, O.P., the chaplain to the Irish prisoners of war in Limburg camp, who died unexpectedly last November . . . and I have every reason for believing it to be true.

"The story surprised me as much as it has surprised Mr. Gaffney. . . . Mr. Gaffney appears to have shared the impression, which I also shared, that Father Crotty was out of sympathy with Casement, because he was regarded with special affection by the mass of Irish prisoners of war who refused to join Casement's Irish Brigade. I was under that impression when I wrote to him, on the chance of his being willing to give me information that would not be entirely unfriendly. To my great surprise I received a letter saying that Casement was one of his dearest friends, and that he would do anything in his power to assist in writing a book which would attempt to explain Casement's nobility of character. . . ."

The relations and friendship of Father Crotty and Casement have already been related: in detail in Mr. Gwynn's four articles in the *Irish Independent* (Dec. 20-27, 1930) and more briefly in his book on Casement. Mr. Gwynn is a highly competent investigator, interested in the truth about Casement, and capable of recognizing honesty and sincerity. After investigation he accepted Father Crotty's account and included it in his book. Contrary to the assertions of Mr. Gaffney and Mr. O'Sheel, Mr. Gwynn's biography is a vindication of Casement's character. This is the general opinion and is further evidenced by a lengthy article of Mr. Padraic Colum in *Current History* for September. Mr. Gaffney's main argument against the probability of the story is that he knew nothing about it; he does not realize that under the circumstances he would have been the last person to whom Casement would have revealed his enterprise. Mr. Gaffney considers the action of Casement as vile treachery unworthy of a patriot; Mr. O'Sheel points out that Devoy and other Irish leaders were all satisfied with German assistance in Ireland.

But "treachery" and "patriot" and "traitor are difficult words; and Casement was not Devoy. To Casement the Germans made magnificent promises, while actually they disregarded him and negotiated directly with Devoy in New York. Casement in Berlin felt that the success of an Irish insurrection would depend upon extensive German assistance, so that when he heard of the impending uprising and saw the meager German preparation for it, he was convinced that it could not succeed, that it would be put down with great bloodshed, and that all possibility of another revolt would be lost for a generation. He determined to prevent this futile loss of life and to postpone the rebellion until it might really succeed in liberating Ireland. In his desperate frenzy he sought every means to stop it, and when his last efforts failed, he embarked on that voyage which ended at the gallows. Whatever were the facts, these were his own convictions; and no Irishman could have been animated by a more unselfish patriotism. To save Ireland and to make her freedom possible Casement was willing, for one brief moment at least, to sacrifice a few of his friends, but it was the sacrifice of a few for the lives and freedom of the many. There is but one test of patriotism: the spirit which motivates actions. Thus to Mr. Gaffney and Mr. O'Sheel this action was treachery; others may, with justice, call it patriotism—patriotism of a high order. Casement's farewell words to the Countess Blücher were: "Tell them I was loyal to Ireland, although it will not appear so."

It is now twenty years since Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel (then plain Mr. James Shields) first grabbed a shillelagh and started whooping it up for old Ireland. During the war he was ardently pro-German; hence it is natural that he should grow excited over the phrase "Germany's betrayal of Ireland," which he considers, possibly without having read the review itself, as an expression of my own opinion. It was, however, Casement's and not my own. I emphasized it in order to explain why he took the action that he did. Mr. O'Sheel seizes upon it, attributes it to me, and thereupon proceeds to relate facts which have been known to all students of Irish affairs for years. Indeed, they are so well known that I did not take the trouble, in the limited space, to refer to them. Then Mr. O'Sheel, with an air of lofty condescension, suggests that I have not read and should read Darell Figgis's "Irish War" and John Devoy's "Recollections of an Irish Rebel." The advice is tardy and superfluous; in my desk are unfinished notes, begun some three years ago, for a critical essay on Figgis, whose "Irish War" first aroused my admiration; a copy of Devoy's book was presented to me some two years ago. Mr. O'Sheel states that I am a "bitter-ender"; while this seems probable to him, to me it is only amusing. Four generations removed from Ireland, and turmoil, I have acquired a detachment which enables me to look upon Figgis, Devoy, Casement, and A. M. Sullivan as equally patriotic Irishmen. Proof of this is what I have written at various times of the latter three. Mr. O'Sheel says that fairness toward the Sinn Feiners is not in me; no better test could be found than in writing about Devoy. When my article on Devoy was published in the "Dictionary of American Biography," Mr. Michael O'Reilly, Devoy's close friend and successor as editor of the *Gælic American*, sent a letter of congratulation upon the fairness of the article and the splendid tribute to Devoy. Mr. O'Sheel's other contentions, when confronted by the facts, would suffer the same humiliation. Mr. O'Sheel suggests that I do not read works on Irish history: that I am not a member of the Irish-American Historical Society; perhaps this is the real difficulty with Mr. Gwynn, for he is certainly not on Mr. O'Sheel's list of authorized authorities. Possibly his list of approved patriots is drawn up by the same efficacious method. It does demonstrate that some of the Irish are losing that sense of humor which a generous tradition has attributed to them. Or is it the absence of this quality which makes the patriot militant?

FRANK MONAGHAN.

New York University.

Some Errors Noted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I read with interest the review of Mr. Currie's book, "Fishers of Books," and agree with your reviewer that the author has nothing new to say. This is all the more reason why he should be very careful about what he does say. If a book of this kind is to have any value at all, it should be both complete and accurate.

Once the author refers to "A Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." The title is "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Not having seen the article, he quotes in referring to Mr. Strong's book, "Dewer Rides," he should, if he has a copy of this book, know that the title is "Dewer Rides" and not "Dewar Rides." In his index he lists it spelled incorrectly, as he does wherever the title appears. Mr. Newton in his list has "A Crock of Gold," and Mr. Currie once calls it by this name and again "Crock of Gold." Why not say "The Crock of Gold," since that is the title of the book. He mentions "A Lost Lady," by Willa Cather, but does not think enough of this book to include it in his index, which is most incomplete to say the least. Possibly critics may find other faults with his book, but a hurried reading reveals such as these immediately.

I wonder what Mr. Currie would get if he offered his copy of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at Sotheby's in London. Probably not as much as he thinks it is worth.

The book as a whole is entertaining, but I think it might have been better written if he had taken more pains in the writing of it.

C. S. POTTIGER.

New York.

"Shadows on the Rock"

A LETTER BY WILLA CATHER

It is seldom that, close to the time of writing, a writer of distinction sets down the purpose and inner nature of a book which has been carefully, skilfully, and successfuly written. Willa Cather is not one who attempts to explain her work to the dull or defend it against the antagonistic, neither is she accustomed to discuss her books even for the benefit of her friends and admirers. The letter, which we print below was written without thought of publication, and is published here because the Editors of this REVIEW *believed it to be an admirable description of the quality of an excellent book, a description which gains authority from its source, and asked for the privilege of letting others who have read "Shadows on the Rock" see the author's own estimate of what had been attempted and why. Miss Cather and Governor Cross have both generously given their consent.* H. S. C.

Dear Governor Cross:—

I want to thank you most heartily for the most understanding review I have seen of my new book. You seem to have seen what a different kind of method I tried to use from that which I used in the "Archbishop." I tried, as you say, to state the mood and the viewpoint in the title. To me the rock of Quebec is not only a stronghold on which many strange figures have for a little time cast a shadow in the sun; it is the curious endurance of a kind of culture, narrow but definite. There another age persists. There, among the country people and the nuns, I caught something new to me; a kind of feeling about life and human fate that I could not accept, wholly, but which I could not but admire. It is hard to state that feeling in language; it was more like an old song, incomplete but uncorrupted, than like a legend. The text was mainly anacolouthon, so to speak, but the meaning was clear. I took the incomplete air and tried to give it what would correspond to a sympathetic musical setting; tried to develop it into a prose composition not too conclusive, not too definite; a series of pictures remembered rather than experienced; a kind of thinking, a mental complexion inherited, left over from the past, lacking in robustness and full of pious resignation.

Now it seemed to me that the mood of the misfits among the early settlers (and there were a good many) must have been just that. An orderly little French household that went on trying to live decently, just as ants begin to rebuild when you kick their house down, interests me more than Indian raids or the wild life in the forests. And, as you seem to recognize, once having adopted a tone so definite, once having taken your seat in the close air by the apothecary's fire, you can't explode into military glory, any more than you can pour champagne into a salad dressing. (I don't believe much in rules, but Stevenson laid down a good one when he said: *you can't mix kinds.*) And really, a new society begins with the salad dressing more than with the destruction of Indian villages. Those people brought a kind of French culture there and somehow kept it alive on that rock, sheltered it and tended it and on occasion died for it, as if it really were a sacred fire—and all this temperately and shrewdly, with emotion always tempered by good sense.

It's very hard for an American to catch that rhythm—it's so unlike us. But I made an honest try, and I got a great deal of pleasure out of it, if nobody else does! And surely you'll agree with me that our writers experiment too little, and produce their own special brand too readily.

With deep appreciation of the compliment you pay me in taking the time to review the book, and my friendliest regards always,

Faithfully

WILLA CATHER.

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Books of the Fall

(Continued from preceding page)

into fiction which we treated very cursorily in the beginning of our article. There are new novels by a number of authors whose names command immediate attention—by Edna Ferber to begin, who in "American Beauty" (Doubleday, Doran) turns her gift for picturization to a description of a dual Connecticut, the Connecticut of the early setttlers with their pride of race, their tradition of culture, their fine homes and beautiful furniture and gradually ebbing vitality, and the Connecticut of the present, rendered productive and wealth-producing by the sturdy peasant stock of Poland. In the interplay between the old elements and the new, Miss Ferber has found the substance of her story. It is an interesting tale, written with the felicity which the author has long since proved hers, searching and revealing in parts, in others conforming to a popular formula for success. We cannot help feeling that Miss Ferber for all her indubitable talents runs a grave danger of sacrificing her art to the large-circulation magazine pattern. She seems to us to be writing with one eye on her novel and the other on the vast public which spells wide popularity. She has shown herself too good a writer at her best for any slipping from her own highest standard not to cause concern.

But we are not here to unburden ourselves of a homily, but to enumerate books. To resume. In "The Harbourmaster" shortly to be published by Doubleday, Doran, William McFee has written what is probably his best novel since "Casuals of the Sea," a little too Conradian in manner, perhaps, but an interesting and effective tale. Oliver La Farge, whose "Laughing Boy" made so great a success some two years ago, in "Sparks Fly Upward" (Houghton Mifflin) tells a tale of Central America whose hero is a half-cast Indian; Mazo de la Roche, in "Finch's Fortune" (Little Brown) continues to follow the fortunes of the family first depicted in "Jalna," and Elizabeth Madox Roberts writes again of the South in "A Buried Treasure" (Viking). Another story of the South, a historical tale which is a saga of Missouri, is Dagmar Donehy's "The Border," the chronicle of a family in Civil War days which bears every evidence of having been a direct transcript from life. In "All Ye People" (Viking), Merle Colby has written another narrative which is so close to fact as to be more history than fiction. It is a vivid and detailed portrayal of an American youth who, caught in the tide that was sweeping New England to the Middle West in the early 1800's, travels to Ohio and then to the South as an itinerant preacher, falling in with characters of all sorts, and himself being now preacher, now roysterer. It is packed with vivid and interesting detail, and though its story is subordinate to its description and individual incident, it is an effective narrative.

But we are headed toward destruction —at least the destruction of our good understanding with the printers. For here we are writing as though all the columns of the paper were ours instead of a paltry number, and the next thing we know we shall be told that whole galleys of copy have no place for insertion. And that means all sorts of cuts and adjustments in the articles already in the pages, and the risk of even more misprints and omissions than we make already, and as a result of that, all sorts of mutual recriminations. So we had best haste us, and dispense with comment in favor of mere titles for a time. Well, here we are, off with a catalogue of names as unadorned by description as Homer's roll of ships. Among the new novels are Ethel Sidgwick's gentle (we'll smuggle in as small an adjective as that every now and again) 'Tale of Two Villages" (Harpers), Margaret Ayres Barnes's "Westward Passage" (Houghton Mifflin), Thomas Burke's touching and artistic (we're allowing ourselves a double adjective, as you see) "Flower of Life" (Little, Brown)—we can't resist interpolating that it's the tale of an indomitable old lady who lands in the poorhouse, told retrotctively—, Mary Johnston's "Hunting Shirt" (Little, Brown), "Half a Loaf" (Liveright), by Grace Hegger Lewis, former wife of Sinclair Lewis who is the hero of her autobiographical tale; "Article Thirty-two" (Macmillan), by John Rathbone Oliver, the story of a clerical family; Ruth Manning Sanders's "The Growing Trees" (Morrow), and Geoffrey Denis's "Mary Lee" (Simon & Schuster), the reissue under the ægis of a new publisher of a grim and powerful tale, relieved by a romantically happy ending, which won the admiration of critics and a discriminating small public some years ago when first it appeared here.

Well, now we feel something like the Jabberwock whose "vorpal blade went snicker snack." "One, two, one, two," and with their heads we've "come galumphing back." To quote "Alice" further, "off with their heads." We'll try another guillotining. Well, there's Sarah Gertrude Millin's "The Son of Mrs. Aab" (Liveright), playing, like all her stories, in South Africa, and George Baker's "Ebenezer Walks with God" (Macmillan), a story of the faith that can work wonders; Lord Dunsany's "The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens" (Putnam); "Hathaway House," by Nelia White Gardner; "Grapes of Canaan" (Stratford), by Elma Ehrlich Levinger, a Jewish "Main Street," in its publishers' words, and Neil Bell's "Precious Porcelain" (Putnam).

We feel like crying out upon ourselves, "Halt, enough!" Truly we cannot go on listing titles of novels in this fashion without variety of any sort. We'll resort to our earlier method and present you a list of some other type of writing by way of change—poetry, for a beginning. Our selection is small, but all of it we think will appeal to the discriminating lover of verse. First of all there is a new anthology by Louis Untermeyer, a survey of "American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman" (Harcourt, Brace), a most excellent collection, with introduction and introductory paragraphs that are admirable in their analysis and characterization. Then there is a distinguished first volume entitled "The Signature of Pain" (Day), by Alan Porter, an American who until recently has been identified with England, and there are Margaret Emerson Bailey's "White Christmas" (Putnam), and Selma Robinson's "City Child" (Farrar & Rinehart), George Dillon's "The Flowering Stone" (Viking), Lew Sarett's "Wings against the Moon" (Holt), Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Matthias at the Door" (Macmillan), and DuBose Heyward's "Jasbo Brown and Other Poems" (Farrar & Rinethart). Alice Duer Miller has a story in metrical form, "Forsaking All Others" (Simon & Schuster), Ogden Nash furnishes more Nashesque verse in "Free Wheeling" (Simon & Schuster), which is very free verse indeed, and F. P. A. has collected some of his adroit and entertaining verse under the title of a poem whose cleverness was much commented upon when it appeared in his column in the late lamented *World*, "Christopher Columbus" (Viking). There is a new translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" (Macmillan), by J. B. Fletcher, and there is what from the portions we have read in advance sheets is a distinguished rendering of Petrarch's Sonnets by Joseph Auslander (*Longmans, Green*).

And that's that for poetry. Would that we could as rapidly write off the list of fiction which again rises to confound us. We'll have another go at it, attacking it this time from the angle of the translation of foreign novels. We're anxious to reach this category because we're glad of the opportunity of again expressing our enthusiasm for Joseph Roth's "Job" (Viking), a beautiful and moving chronicle of a Russian Jew who emigrates to America, almost unbearably painful at times and unfortunately sentimentalized at the very last, but in the main a powerful and effective piece of work. Admirers of Knut Hamsun will be glad to know that another novel, "August" (Coward-McCann), is just coming from his pen, while those who have read General P. N. Krassnoff with interest will rejoice to hear of his forthcoming "Napoleon and the Cossacks" (Duffield & Green). Farrar & Rinehart are issuing another of Colette's clever pieces of sophistication, "The Other One," and Holt has published a translation of Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti's "Jessie and Maria." In "Alexanderplatz, Berlin" (Viking), Alfred Döblin has produced a novel on an impressive scale, something in the "Ulysses" manner. Another translation that should be mentioned is Huberto Perez de la Ossa's "Maria Fernanda" (Little, Brown).

We progress, however slowly, and heartened by our advance we attack

(Continued on page 220)

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AS A JEW SEES JESUS
by ERNEST R. TRATTNER

"I enthusiastically recommend this book because it throws light on Jesus, and because it reveals the modern Jew". *Christian Century* $2.00

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"It mirrors the very soul of the most romantic figure of the age of the commodores". *New York Evening Post* $3.50

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Hamlin Garland turned his interest to stories of the Indians and made many trips to Oklahoma and the West to get an authentic view of them. Sitting Bull and other famous Indians of the time appear in these pages.

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Translated by Ida Treat

"The French Boy" is not quite a novel and not quite memoirs. Paul Vaillant-Couturier, author and artist, former member of the Chamber of Deputies and editor of *l'Humanite*, has told the story of his own boyhood in answer to the question: "What does it mean to be born in France and to grow up a Frenchman?"

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EUGÈNE DABIT

What André Maurois said of *Hotel du Nord* ("a book that has *grandeur*"), is still true. It is not just one more book of a familiar *genre* in which a hotel gives an excuse for gathering together a group of essentially unrelated character sketches and labeling the result, *a novel*. The people at the Hotel du Nord are "conventional," claims one reviewer. To be sure they are. Whom else would you expect to find living in a little run down hotel on the banks of a canal in Paris, but a penniless artist, a prostitute or two, a perfumed youth, two old maid sisters, a pregnant girl, a tubercular, and a sprinkling of alcoholics. Conventional, perhaps, but very real. And in agreement with the above, *The N. Y. Herald Tribune* remarks of M. Dabit and this book, which incidentally won the Prix du Roman Populiste with its 5000-franc cup, "To some the author gives bravado; to others, stoicism; to a few despair. All of them are little silhouettes which he cuts from the stuff of life to illustrate its seamy side. The book has a light, syncopated cadence which, for some reason, heightens the tragic implication. It neither smudges nor yet varnishes its reality. It gives you a bare-faced simple truth."

HOTEL DU NORD

By Eugène Dabit

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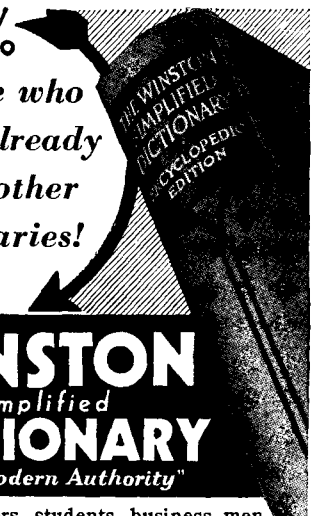

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SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

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Books of the Fall

By AMY LOVEMAN

WE are restrained by a decent respect for the opinions of mankind from making more than an oblique reference to so trite a quotation as "the melancholy days are come," but not the most punctilious respect for the lovers of originality can prevent our being painfully aware of the fact. Here we are again confronted by a towering mass of books and the necessity of reducing them to categories and summaries, a melancholy task certainly and one conducive to anything but happiness on our part. Moreover, we have moved our domicile, have lost one pair of eyeglasses and live in momentary dread of breaking the other, and our typewriter has gone so completely on strike that we have been forced to import a substitute by means of a Western Union messenger and a taxicab, so that we are quite in accord with the poet in holding that melancholy is upon us. But what has this preamble to do with the Fall books? Just nothing at all, and since they are our business we'd better not waste time on a Mrs. Gummidge-like plaint that we are "a lorn woman," but instead get down to them without more grumbling.

Mrs. Gummidge puts us in mind of Dickens, and Dickens's name suggests that his influence still lives. Such a book, for instance, as "Albert Grope," by F. O. Mann (Harcourt, Brace), owes much to the Victorian novelist, which is not to say that it is imitative but merely that it has the amplitude, the approach, and the interest in lowly character and homely incident which mark the latter writer's work. It is a fine book which should meet the taste of a varied public and should especially find favor in the eyes of the older generation. That older generation—or rather, the oldest generation—will find age delightfully depictetd in V. Sackville West's "All Passion Spent" (Doubleday, Doran), the portrayal of a woman in her eighties who asserts her independence of family and lives in new-found friendships and the aura of an old romance. This new novel, it seems to us, is a finer piece of work than was its author's very successful "The Edwardians," more delicate in its artistry and placing more reliance than did its predecessor on the underlying traits of human nature for its effectiveness and less on the superficial social aspects of a period.

How we wandered into thus discussing fiction at this stage of our survey we cannot imagine, since we meant to hold the novels for a sort of palliative after weightier books. Since we have done so, however, we'll proceed to pick at random a few of the titles that ought to command interest. First and foremost among them, so far as we ourselves are concerned, we place Clemence Dane's "Broome Stages" (Doubleday, Doran), the history of an English stage family in its several generations, a long, leisurely book, veracious in background, convincing in its deploying of family trait and individual idiosyncrasy, and achieving a moving and dramatic reality of emotion. Not a novel to be compassed in a hurried evening's reading, it is one that should not be missed. Then there is Virginia Woolf's "The Waves" (Harcourt, Brace), which those who look below the surface of fiction are certain to find of challenging interest, and Galsworthy's first new novel in several years, "Maid in Waiting" (Scribners), Hugh Walpole's story of Rogue Herries's daughter, "Judith Paris" (Doubleday, Doran), and Thames Williamson's further tale of his inarticulate, clumsy, pathetic, and touching "hunky," entitled "In Krusack's House" (Harcourt, Brace). And— But we pause for breath.

Having paused, we start off afresh in a new direction. But, incidentally, before citing further titles, we wish to remark that the Fall crop of books is on the whole a highly meritorious one. Though it may contain no very startling work and perhaps none that is likely to stride far ahead of its fellows, yet it does show both in the fields of fiction and non-fiction much that is worthy of respectful reading and less than the usual amount of piffling literature. Lists have been pruned, and pruned to advantage, though it would hardly be within the facts to say that the book designed purely to rake in the shekels has been abandoned. But then, why hope for the millennium? And why, to be sure, ramble along in this fashion instead of resuming our enumeration as we should? Well, as Secretary Chase once wrote to Horace Greeley, "The way to resumption is to resume." So—and Secretary Chase has given us the clue to where to begin anew—Joseph Hergesheimer has written not a new novel but a biography of General Sheridan (shortly to be published by Houghton Mifflin). Emanuel Hertz has issued a life of Abraham Lincoln (Little, Brown), compiled from hitherto unused documents, and Allen Tate, who is a Southerner himself, has brought out a volume on Robert E. Lee (Minton, Balch). The coming Washington anniversary celebration, which is likely to flood the land with literature on the first President, is already giving promise of what the next months will hold in Bernard Fay's interesting "George Washington" (Houghton Mifflin) and Halsted L. Ritter's "Washington as a Business Man" (Sears). If, after reading of the Father of his Country, you would know something of other Presidents, they are at your command in R. G. Caldwell's "James A. Garfield" (Dodd, Mead), Henry F. Pringle's "Theodore Roosevelt" (Harcourt, Brace), and Denis Tilden Lynch's "Grover Cleveland" (Little Brown). Then there's a lively and anecdotal life, by Charles Edward Russell, of that candidate who came so near the White House that he was actually kept out only by a chance phrase which at the time of its utterance escaped the attention of the audience before whom it was spoken and later was seized upon by an attentive newspaper reporter and spread broadcast. Alas! By this time we've separated the name of the candidate so far from its apposite clause that we have to begin over again with a fresh sentence to state that it is "Blaine of Maine" (Farrar & Rinehart) of whose life and times Mr. Russell has written. And, since we are in the way of injecting parentheses and explanatory clauses into our narrative, we'll interrupt it again to say that when we read galley proofs of the Blaine biography in the summer they bore the name of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation as publisher, and that now, when they issue from the press in book form, they will contain the impress of Farrar & Rinehart, that enterprising young firm having in the interval swallowed its fellow.

"I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well."

We can't refrain from the quotation, for it fits so well our feelings. Our task just begun, and night time's coming on apace, and the presses are yawning. We are caught again in the web of our own dilatoriness, and have put the paper to bed, as the saying goes, with all except our own columns filled down to the last line and period. And now we write at a hazard, guessing just how many words it requires to fill our new measure columns which we've been too busy dressing up typographically to subject to an accurate word count. Not that we haven't titles aplenty to thrust into them, but that we haven't the leisure nicely to apportion to each of them a proper space for description. Words, words, words! We're wasting them even as we talk of them. We must reform, and get back to our listing.

We broke into it to relieve our feeling in a plaint just as we were writing of political biographies. We hadn't finished with them either, for we hadn't made any mention of Herman Hagedorn's 'Leonard Wood" (Harpers), a stout two volumes chronicling the career of a military man who took a hand in colonial government, or of William Gibbs McAdoo's "Crowded Years" (Houghton Mifflin) in which President Wilson's son-in-law and one time Secretary of the Treasury sets forth much matter of high interest, or of "My United States" (Scribners), in which Frederick J. Stimson reviews in the afternoon of a long life the events of his career as diplomat, citizen, and friend, or Walter Davenport's life of the late Boies Penrose, entitled "The Power and the Glory" (Putnams). And we mustn't forget a book of the very highest interest which every historian and lover of history ought to read, Frederic Palmer's "Newton D. Baker" (Dodd, Mead), in the writing of which the author had access to an immense mass of confidential material.

As a dying man clutches at a straw, so we grasp at the slightest means available to carry us from one paragraph to another, even when it is so slight as a mere fortuitous resemblance in names. All of which prelude means only that the Frederic in Mr. Palmer's name put us in mind of the fact that Frederick L. Allen has written a book entitled "Only Yesterday" (Harpers) which, we can promise you, furnishes lively reading. So lively, indeed, that when proofs of it came some time ago into our hands we were beguiled into reading much more of it than our time allowed, much to the detriment of our work. But if there's anything more fascinating than a past within personal recollection presented in the garb of history, except it be the distant past, we'd like to know what it is. Mr. Allen's book is a chronicle of the last ten years, something in the manner of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," with an amazing amount of detail crowded into its pages. We commend its opening chapter—an imaginary breakfast-table conversation between husband and wife—to those who would see how little one's sense of time keeps pace with facts.

The worst has happened! We have been trying to rouse your interest in a book which you can't have at the moment even if you want it. It isn't officially published yet and consequently is not procurable at the bookshops. That's the worst of reading advance galleys; long after you've destroyed the troublesome things they rise to confront you in some indiscretion of release or announcement. Well, anyway, keep an eye out for Mr. Allen's book.

While we're on the subject of books which are still in embryo we might mention a few which at the time of writing have not been published, though doubtless some of them will appear within the next few days. To continue with biographies. There's a life of "Charles of Europe," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, coming from Coward-McCann, and one of Lord Rosebery, by Lord Crewe, announced by Harpers (we'll slip into this parenthesis the statement that Norton has just published Walter P. Hall's "Mr. Gladstone"); Little, Brown is promising for the near future the second volume of Prince von Bülow's Memoirs, covering the period from the Morocco crisis to his resignation from office; Washburn is to publish Frederic Chamberlin's "The Private Character of Henry VIII" and Ernest Clement's "Frederick the Great," and Duffield & Green are to issue "Hindenburg at Home," by Baroness Helene Nostitz von Hindenburg. Whittlesey House, not to be outdone in the presenting of political figures, is to bring out a life of Nebudchadnezzer by G. R. Tabouis. Heavens! One of the most important of the biographies we were almost careless enough to forget to mention, though it is a volume which commands immediate attention, Philip Guedalla's "Wellington" (Harpers). Mr. Guedalla, we understand, has had the run of the private archives for some two or three years, having set up a workroom near them. If the chapters from the book which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* are an indication of its general character it ought to prove fascinating reading. It is the Literary Guild selection for November and will be issued at the beginning of that month.

There's a batch of books which have appeared within the last week or two which should appeal to lovers of history. The Viking Press, for instance, has brought out in a beautiful edition (it's a good thing to keep in mind if you want to make an expensive gift to some historically minded friend when Christmas comes around) "Lord Hervey's Memoirs," recollections of the reign of George II, which ought to supply spicy entertainment, and Appleton has issued 'The Scandals and Credulities of Sir John Aubrey," a racy chronicle of Restoration worthies. The indefatigable Hilaire Belloc has just published another character piece, a study of Cranmer (Lippincott); Brentanos have brought out the "Letters of Napoleon to Josephine," and André Maurois has made an excursion into territorial history in his biography of Lyautey (Appleton).

Maurois naturally puts us in mind of Disraeli, and Disraeli reminds us of his own aphorism: "Variety is the mother of Enjoyment." Acting upon his statement, though we've not nearly finished with biography, having all the literary category still to come, we shall make another sally

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THE BRIGAND AND THE ACTOR

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

HAVE you heard of Belonzo the Brigand,
Who lived on the top of the Alps?
How graceful he was in the jig, and
How deft in the shaving of scalps?

Have you heard how he captured an actor
(Though from the profession he shrank!)
And took him to ride on a tractor,
And taught him to coast in a tank?

Have you heard how the captive dissembled
His feelings, and said it was fun,
Though 'twas plain to be seen that he trembled
When sent down a peak on the run?

Have you heard how they hunted the Gnoodle
(So rare in the Alps, as you know!)
And how they sang "Toodle cum toodle,"
While chasing it over the snow?

Have you heard how an avalanche caught them
And tumbled them down from on high;
How vainly their followers sought them?
You haven't? No more, dear, have I!

Reviews

STONEWALL. By JULIA DAVIS ADAMS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

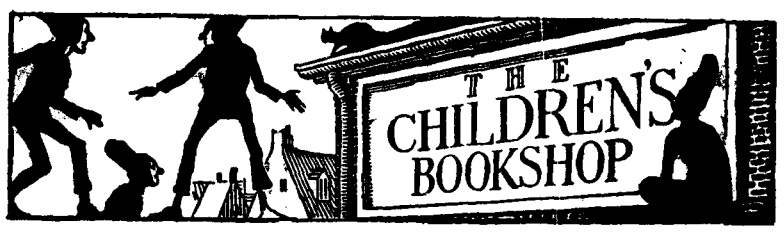
MRS. ADAMS evidently does not believe that war is a subject to be withheld from older boys and girls, or that there is any reason why its seamy side should be kept out of the picture when campaigns and battles are shown. War, of course, is the phase of Stonewall Jackson's career for which he is remembered and, in the South at least, honored, and Mrs. Adams's account of Jackson as a soldier, and of the battles, marches, attacks, and retreats in which he was engaged is as spirited in its way as were the events themselves in theirs. If she seems at times to brighten the colors for the Confederacy and shade down those for the North, she is also unusually successful in distinguishing Jackson and his operations from the large-scale operations of the Civil War, without representing him as the centre about which most things of importance were grouped.

Jackson seemed destined by nature for an important career, and Mrs. Adams succeeds admirably in developing his character. We are introduced to him as a serious-minded youth intrusted with a commission to buy machinery for his uncle's mill. The deep religious faith which was one of his most striking characteristics appeared early, and induced habits which then, as now, seem puritanical. In the Mexican War, to which he went upon his graduation from West Point, he showed the qualities of courage, dash, and steadfastness which appeared throughout his military life. He was rather out of place, on the other hand, as professor of "natural and experimental philosophy," mechanics (military tactics, and various other subjects at Washington College (later Washington and Lee), his ideas of rigid discipline and meticulous regard for routine fitting with some difficulty into the academic scheme.

When secession loomed, Jackson "went with his State," and thereafter, until his untimely death, was in the saddle, not always seeing eye to eye with his superiors, but the idol of his men and a scourge to the Union forces. There was something almost superhuman in his religious exaltation and stern devotion to duty, and Mrs. Adams has caught his spirit as it revealed itself in battle, on the march, and among the wounded and the dead. His death was tragic—shot by mistake and mortally wounded by his own men, and dying with resignation just when the Confederacy needed him most. "Let us cross over the river," he said at the end, "and rest in the shade of the trees."

Mrs. Adams has used some recent material for Jackson's boyhood life, and builds out the details of Civil War experiences through the device of quotations from the notes and reflections of a composite soldier. Mr. Wright's illustrations are based upon contemporary prints and photographs.

William MacDonald was from 1901 *to* 1917 *professor of history at Brown University, and from* 1924 *to* 1926 *a lecturer on American history at Yale University. He has been an editorial writer for the Nation and the* Freeman, *and is the author, among other books, of "Documentary Source Book of American History" and "From Jefferson to Lincoln."*



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

THE VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Edited by WINIFRED HULBERT. Illustrated by HENRY PITZ. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $1.75.

SEÑOR ZERO. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH. Illustrated by SAMUEL GLANCKOFF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

THE BOY WHO LOVED THE SEA. The Story of CAPTAIN JAMES COOK. By MARY HAZELTON WADE. Illustrated by ALEX A. BLUM. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

REDUCING Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus" to the space of an ordinary volume, one of those satisfactory books that can easily be held in the hand, and omitting the few statements which subsequent research has definitely discredited, Miss Hulbert has provided youthful readers—and they needn't be so very young, either—with an entertaining story as well as a historical narrative. The discoverer of America—or the rediscoverer, if we accept Leif Ericsson as the first to touch our shores, but in any event the discoverer whose achievement led to exploration and settlement—will be much more of a human figure to boys and girls who see him and follow his fortunes and misfortunes in these pages. They will be surprised, as the editor admits she was when she visited the West Indies, at how many things Columbus did which are not told, as of course they cannot be, in school histories and their admiration for the navigator will undergo no diminution. One addition Miss Hulbert has made to Irving's account, a sketch of what his boyhood must have been like and what his surroundings must have been. This she has put into her Introduction, along with something about her visit to the West Indies and its part in the present book. It is to be feared that despite its title, "A Living Hero," many readers will skip the Introduction. The picture of Columbus as a boy might well have constituted a preliminary chapter or even have been inserted in Irving's opening one. At the end of the volume is printed Walt Whitman's "Prayer of Columbus." This should be one of the leading children's books of the season.

A stowaway on the Santa Maria, crossing the ocean with Columbus—why not? Anyway, there is a legend to that effect and there are contemporaneous accounts of voyages and discoveries concerning the New World, so that material for a story of such a stowaway is not lacking. Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, has given the legendary stowaway a literary existence and series of adventures in the train of Columbus, Vespucci, and other navigators of the time. Dramatic in themselves, these adventures bring in historical events and present a picture of the explorer's life in one of the most enterprising periods in human annals. The stowaway is not destined to a career of glory, with fame and riches his reward. On a second voyage to the New World he is captured by Indians. After six years with them he is found by some of his old companions and taken perforce on the disastrous expedition to Cartagena, from which experience he returns to his Indian "home," a brave and lovable figure as ever.

Captain Cook is hardly more than a name to most people, but his adventures rival even those of Captain John Smith. His circumnavigation of New Zealand, his sailing along the coast of Australia for two thousand miles, his formal taking possession of eastern Australia for England, and his discovery, or rediscovery, of the Hawaiian Islands are his outstanding exploits, but they are only the more important incidents in the career of a sailor and explorer which began when as a youth he ran away to sea in traditional fashion and which took him to the St. Lawrence, where he played a part in the preparations for the attack on Quebec; to Cape Horn, to Tahiti, to the Arctic, and to the Antarctic. Between expeditions he returned to England, where he was repeatedly honored for his discoveries and explorations. Mrs. Wade has written a lively narrative in which she has drawn upon Cook's journal for material and occasionally for a direct quotation.

Royal J. Davis, editorial writer of the New York Evening Post, *and at one time its literary editor, was professor of history in Guilford College, North Carolina, from* 1904 *to* 1906. *He is the author of "The Boy's Life of Grover Cleveland."*

THE BURRO'S MONEY-BAG. By MARGARET LORING THOMAS. New York: The Abingdon Press. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH MORROW

A MEXICAN story that begins with flowers and ends with a fiesta certainly has the correct emphasis. Mrs. Thomas has written an engaging tale of a little boy's struggle to buy a burro "to help him carry gardenias and wood and charcoal and tomatoes to market." It is a natural ambition for any child born south of the Rio Grande where the donkey is the universal burden-bearer.

The simple narrative shows us Pedro selling flowers at the train, buying charcoal, getting gloriously sick on new made sugar at a sugar central, and visiting Mexico City. With but one exception, where a workman explains about his floating garden, the information flows naturally from the story, and gives a truthful picture of life in a small village. No youthful reader can complain that geography or history has been surreptitiously fed him through the medium of a tale. The color and the charm of life under the shadow of the white volcano Popo is here; the innumerable bird-cages on adobe walls; the abundant flowers, the gay patios; and those hot, rich tortillas oozing tomato sauce. The setting of the scene is accurate, and the family circle in which Pedro, the little hero, moves is true to life; the father who was forever fiddling with his guitar, "not any special tune, just strumming the strings as though he were about ready to play and sing"; and the hard-worked mother, who sorted fruit with a pianist's quick fingers; the old grandfather in his gold-embroidered sombrero bought for a lifetime, and those worldly wise cousins in Mexico City who wore shoes and stockings every day.

In ten chapters of the book Pedro is earning the money for his donkey, and in the last two he is celebrating his success. There is a slight doubt in my mind whether a little Indian boy in Pedro's situation would have been able to amass eight pesos and seventy-five centavos so quickly, but some margin of luck should be allowed in a story, and the author has done the final bargaining very skilfully. It is the best chapter in the book. We are glad to leave Pedro with a gardenia-decked burro, and we can believe that no one refused an invitation to the fiesta.

The illustrations at the end of each chapter are simple and charming. My favorite tailpiece is the one of splashing tears and fat kisses after Pedro has been lost and found, but I defy anyone not to be interested in the outline pictures of the donkey which Pedro drew on the wall, blackening each part as he gained enough money to buy a tail or one quarter of a hind leg.

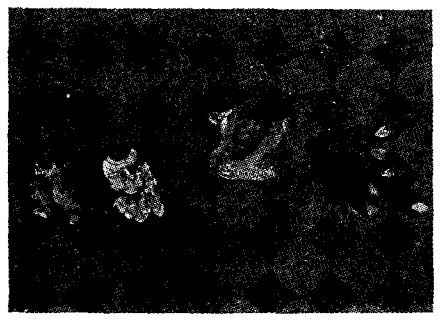
The real value of this book lies in its portrayal of a happy boy who owns almost nothing. Pedro's pencil was a piece of charcoal, and his only toy a bag of jack-stones, home-made from apricot pits. Mrs. Thomas has drawn a child's world unencumbered with things, and she is too skilful an artist to press her point with one line of lesson, but the lesson is there.

Elizabeth Morrow, the death of whose husband, the former Ambassador to Mexico, this week deprived America of one of its foremost citizens, is the author of a children's tale of Mexico, "The Painted Pig."

With the present issue of the Children's Bookshop the department passes from the hands of Mrs. Henry Seidel Canby (Marion Ponsonby) to those of Miss Katharine Ulrich. Mrs. Canby, taking up the subject of children's books at a time when the REVIEW *was devoting but cursory and unmethodical attention to them, through her devotion, her skill, and her judgment so developed her department that now, when under the pressure of other duties, she relinquishes her directorship, she leaves it commanding a group of reviewers no less able than—indeed, frequently identical with—those contributing to other columns of the* SATURDAY REVIEW.

Miss Ulrich, who succeeds to her conductorship of the Bookshop, has been widely and favorably known to workers in the field of juvenile literature as editor of juvenile books for Coward-McCann and editor of the Junior Literary Guild. She takes up her new office after the absence of a year in Europe.

—The Managing Editor.



"The Hundred Children" (Playing with a Phœnix)
From a picture of the Ming period in the British Museum.

SPRIGS OF HEMLOCK. A Tale of the Shays Rebellion. By WALTER A. DYER. Illustrated by HENRY C. PITZ. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS

MR. DYER has here thrown into fictional form—for boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, as the inside flap of the jacket informs us—the story of an episode in American history which was less remarkable for dramatic incident than for its profound economic and social significance. Eleven years after the minute men stood up to meet the British at Concord Bridge the farmers of Western Massachusetts, exasperated by hard times, imprisonment for debt, and what they felt to be the tyranny of lawyers and creditors, rose in rebellion. A Revolutionary veteran, Daniel Shays, led their tattered battalions, court sessions were broken up, and a few lives were lost before General Benjamin Lincoln dispersed the wretched little army of rebels. In its motives the uprising was perhaps as pure as that against the British. Certainly it has a place in the history of that long struggle between farmers and townsmen which began before the Revolution and which, though no longer accompanied by bloodshed, is still going on.

Mr. Dyer manifestly writes from a love of the country around Pelham and Amherst, where his narrative centers, and from a sympathetic interest in the tragic incidents of nearly a century and a half ago. He has difficulty, however, in keeping his plot alive, since it is necessary for him to weave into it in some detail nearly the whole history of the little rebellion. Jake Peebles and Sam Abercrombie, two lively lads of fifteen and sixteen, see the campaign as followers of Shays, and Andrew Dickinson of Amherst, a likable youth in his early twenties, typifies the forces of law and order. A love affair between Andrew and Rachael Abercrombie, Sam's sister, rounds out the plot in good old Shenandoah style. Whether the boys' adventures are sufficient to hold a modern boy's interest in spite of the heavy loading of historical background is a question that can be answered only by trying the book on a real boy.

The tale is sufficiently well done, however, to make good reading for a parent with some curiosity about his country's history. The Pelham town meeting, the scenes in Conkey's Tavern, the characterization of Shays, and the pathetic sufferings of Shays's followers will not easily be forgotten. It is pleasant to remember that in the end the commonwealth of Massachusetts took no lives in retaliation, and that many of the just grievances of the hard-pressed farmers were later righted.

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"When I see Folly that has pawned its wings
Hating itself because it cannot fly,
I'd rather turn my eyes the other way."

. . .

"Half the grief
Of living is our not seeing what's not to be
Before we see too well."

. . .

"Your God, if you may still believe in Him,
Created you so wrapped in rectitude
That even your eyes are filmed a little with it,
Like a benignant sort of cataract.

. . .

"He married me and put me in a case
To look at and to play with and was happy—
Being sure of finding me when he came home,
With my face washed and purring."

. . .

"Read a few years of history, and you'll see
The stuff is not so pliable as all that.
If it were so, we should all be like each other
So great that nature would be on her knees,
Which is not nature's natural attitude."

. . .

"There is no cure for self;
There's only an occasional revelation,
Arriving not infrequently too late."

. . .

"With a few finite and unfinished words
That are the chips of brief experience,
You restless and precipitate world-infants
Would build a skiff to circumnavigate
Infinity . . ."

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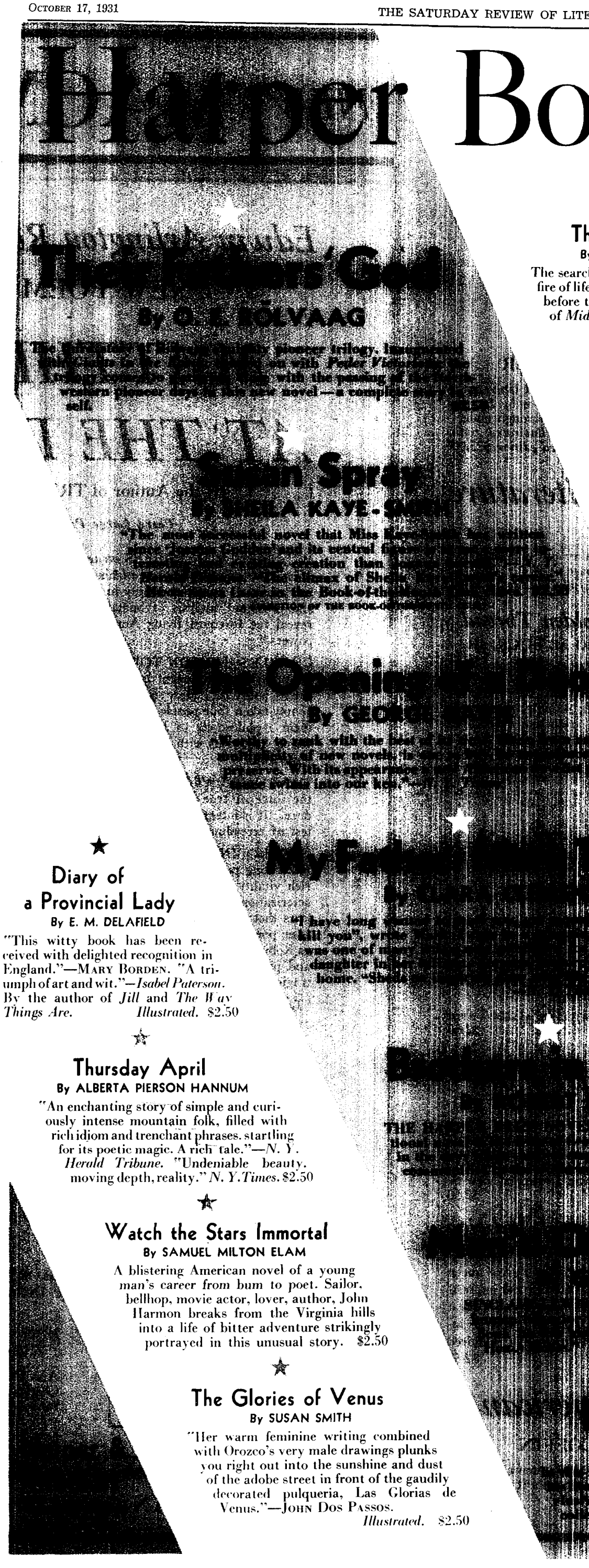

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